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OXFORD.

THE
YOUNG TRAVELLERS;

OR,

A Visit to Oxford.

BY A LADY,

AUTHOR OF VICTIMS OF PLEASURE, HOLIDAY WEEK,
THE LEGEND OF STUTCHBURY, &c.

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ADVERTISEMENT.



THE notes at the bottom of the pages refer to a little work, which it is in contemplation shortly to publish ; and which, though perfectly distinct from the Visit to Oxford, will be found a pleasing companion to it. It will contain correct likenesses of the curious characters here referred to, with some biographical or other accounts of them. The Plates given in this little volume may be considered as specimens of those which will accompany the other.

January 7, 1900

Dear Mr. [Name]

I have just received your letter of the 5th inst. and am glad to hear from you. I am well and hope this finds you the same. I have been thinking much lately of the old days and the friends we have left behind. It seems so long since we were all together and so much has happened since then. I hope you are all well and happy. I have not much news to write at present. I am still in the same place and doing the same work. I hope to hear from you soon. I am, dear Mr. [Name], very truly yours, [Signature]

VISIT TO OXFORD.

EDWARD and Maria Bentley had been confined all the winter with the hooping-cough. When pleasant Spring arrived, it was thought advisable that they should be taken into the country, for change of air. Several places and plans were proposed; and at last the pleasant, and very healthy, village of Headington, near Oxford, was fixed upon as the spot for their temporary residence, and mamma for their attendant and protector. Mrs. Bentley had formerly kept house for a brother in Oxford, and had several old friends and acquaintance, whom she wished to see; but for several years past had been so engrossed with the cares of a family, as seldom to find time for an afternoon's visit, much less for a journey of above fifty miles. With some

difficulty she was at last prevailed on to undertake it, as combining this object with that of the children's health, and their gratification in a sight of the famous and magnificent seat of learning, from which Headington is but the distance of an easy walk. All things duly arranged, Rachel and William being returned to school, after spending a day or two at home at Whitsuntide, and many charges carefully repeated to daughter Emily and a trusty old servant to be very attentive to the care of the house, and papa's comfort, and often to send word how all things went on in Bishopsgate Street, on a fine morning, towards the end of May, the travellers set off on their grand expedition, papa kindly accompanying them in a hackney-coach to the Black Lion Inn, in Water Lane, where he put them safe in the Oxford stage, giving his children many charges to be obedient and attentive to their good mamma, and to improve every opportunity they might enjoy of obtaining knowledge, and making observations; and, tenderly committing them all to the care and blessing of Providence, bade them farewell. For a moment the tear of affection dimmed each eye; but the children soon regained their vivacity and cheerfulness, and expressed much delight in the thought of their long, long journey, (for they had never be-

fore been farther out of London, than to accompany their brother and sister to school at Hackney,) the many wonderful sights they should see, and the important information they should have to communicate on their return.

“Mamma,” said Maria, “we have not gone farther than Hackney yet; and Oxford is, how many times as far as Hackney, mamma?”

“This road, my dear, the distance from London to Oxford is fifty-four miles. The other road (by which we shall most likely return,) is fifty-eight miles; Hackney is two. I think Edward can inform you how many times two there are in fifty-four?”

“Let me see, mamma; the twos in fifty-four are twenty-seven, are they not?” “Yes, my dear; and in fifty-eight?” “Oh, twice two more, twenty-nine, mamma.” “Well; now you can halve these two numbers again; twenty-nine, and twenty-seven?” “Yes, mamma, the half of twenty-nine is fourteen and a half; and the half of twenty-seven is thirteen and a half. What then, mamma?” “Why, my dear, I was only going to say, that you have this day to travel as far as if you were to go thirteen times to Hackney, and back again; (for we shall stop about as far short of Oxford, as the distance is from London to Hackney;) do not you think you shall be tired before you reach your journey’s

end?" "Oh, no, mamma, I'm sure I shall not," said Maria; "but will it be like streets all the way, or shall we come to any fields?" "The road will be very different, my dear; sometimes we shall pass through towns; sometimes we shall see fields and woods on the sides of the road; sometimes we shall go up hill, and sometimes down; and we shall pass over bridges." "We seem to be out of streets already, mamma; the houses are only here and there, and it is not so noisy as in the streets, nor does the coach shake so much as it did." "Very true, Edward, the road is not paved here, nor is there the traffic going on, which makes such a constant noise in busy London." "What, are we quite out of London? then where are we now, mamma?" "We are now, my dear, passing Kensington Gravel Pits. The king has a palace at Kensington, and there are very beautiful gardens, much frequented as a fashionable walk." "Mamma, I do think that is where we went walking with my aunt Emily and Miss Stokes: but I was almost tired before we got there. Pray, mamma, what is the next place we shall come to? Do, dear mamma, be so good as to tell us all about the road, and every thing we pass, that we may be able to carry home an account to papa and Emily." "I will readily tell you any thing I may recollect of the

places we pass through, but I am afraid it will not be a great deal, as I am not much of a traveller : I believe it is nineteen years since I have been out of the smoke of London."

" Well, mamma, you are very good to stay at home and take such care of us, and very good indeed to take us out *now*, as the doctor said it would be of benefit to our health ; and as you knew it would give us great pleasure, I hope we shall always try to deserve your kindness."

" Yes, I hope so, Edward." " Now all the time we are out let us take particular care not to teaze mamma when she is in company ; nor do any thing whatever to make her uncomfortable : a good character of both of us to papa, when we go home, will be the best account of all ; won't it, mamma?"

" Yes, my love, and I hope to have the pleasure of communicating it. This is a village called Acton, and is noted for its medicinal waters. But the coach stops ; I suppose we are to take in passengers here." " What, mamma, will they let other persons beside us into the coach ?" " Oh, yes, my dear ; they can take three, if not four, passengers." " I am sorry for that, mamma ; we shall not be able to ask you half so many questions as if we were quite alone."

“Perhaps, my dear, you may gain more information.”

The coach door now opened, and an elderly gentleman stepped in and took his seat. The children at first were abashed at his presence, and forbore to ask any questions; and their mother not observing any thing particularly worthy of notice, they travelled some minutes without speaking. At length Maria broke the silence by a rather severe fit of coughing, which led to several kind enquiries on the part of the stranger, and an offer to draw up the window lest the air should excite her cough. The travellers soon became acquainted: the gentleman professed himself fond of children, and pleased in the opportunity of travelling in their society, he kindly pointed out to them every object worthy of notice, and made many sensible remarks, to which (remembering their papa's desire) they both paid great attention. The first town they passed through was Uxbridge, soon after which the gentleman bade them observe a noble house and spacious park on the left hand side of the road, called Bulstrode.

Near Beaconsfield, he shewed them the family mansion where Waller the celebrated Poet died, and is buried in Beaconsfield church-yard. And

on the opposite side, he pointed out to them the late residence of Edmund Burke the great statesman and orator. "Perhaps, my dear," said he, "you may not now feel much interest in these things; but when in future years you become acquainted with the characters and writings of great men, you will feel a pleasure in recollecting that in your childhood, you noticed the places where they resided." They passed on in pleasant chat, and could scarcely believe when the coach turned up to an inn that they had arrived at High Wycombe, twenty-nine miles from London, where they were to dine. Having taken some refreshment, they walked about the pleasant gardens belonging to the inn, from whence is seen a seat of the Earl of Shelburne. They were soon summoned back to the coach, and when seated Mr. Rowden, their fellow traveller, again began conversing with the children, and told them that the town, where they had dined was one of the largest markets for corn in that part of England. He pointed out to them some corn and paper mills, of which there are several in that neighbourhood; and bid them notice the women sitting at their doors lace-making. Maria was astonished at the quick passing of the bobbins, and said she had no idea that lace was made in the hand, but supposed it had been woven in

a loom in the same manner as stockings, which she had seen made in London.

Edward asked many questions about the mills, and said he much wished to see the inside of one. Mr. Rowden told them that in the village of Headington, which he had discovered to be the place of their destination, they would find a large wind-mill, and might derive great pleasure from inspecting the works, but advised them to be very cautious not to go too near the sails, as he said that a few months before, a little boy who had accompanied his mother to take some corn to be ground was caught up by the sails and dashed on the ground with such force as to occasion his death in a few days.

By this time they had reached West Wycombe, when Mr. Rowden directed their attention to a gentleman's seat, and the church adjoining, beautifully situated at the top of a steep hill. The estate, he informed them, belonged to Lord le Despencer, and that the late Lord had built and endowed the church entirely at his own expence. "That was a very good action of him," said Edward, "to build a decent, comfortable place for his neighbours to attend the worship of God in." "But I think," said Maria, "he did not much consider the comfort of the poor infirm old people; how they ever manage to climb that steep

hill, I cannot imagine ! I am sure it would tire *my* feet." "There is a great deal in use," said Mr. Rowden ; "besides, if people really love the service of God, it is not a little matter that will deter them from it."

"True, Sir," said Edward. "I remember reading in *Pilgrim's Progress* that Christian climbed up the hill Difficulty, and *that*, I should think, was much steeper and rougher than the hill to Wycombe Church."

A few miles farther on the road Mr. Rowden pointed the children to a distant view of Sherborne Castle, the seat of the Earl of Macclesfield ; and just after told them that they had now entered Oxfordshire, having arrived at Stokenchurch. "Oxfordshire already !" said Maria ; "then how many miles have we travelled ?" "Thirty-six," answered the gentleman ; "and as you stop at Headington, which is one mile short of Oxford, you have only seventeen more miles before you reach your journey's end."

"And is it possible" asked Edward, "that we have already passed above two thirds of the road, which in the morning appeared such an immense distance ?" "Yes," replied their mother, and reminded them how much they were obliged by Mr. Rowden's entertaining and useful remarks, which by causing the time to pass pleasantly

had made it appear so short. "I am happy, my dear children" said Mr. Rowden, "in having at all contributed to beguile the hours of your stage-coach confinement; it does not surprise me that you find the distance less than you expected. Young persons especially are apt to affix an undue degree both of duration, distance, and value to future events, and it is not always that growing years correct the foible.

"The journey of human life in the morning of youth has the appearance of great length; the youthful traveller anticipates a lengthened track all blooming with beauty, and rich in enjoyment; and often overlooks the yawning grave that lies between him and his distant prospect: or should his journey be protracted to its longest stretch, and all his path strewn with abundance, and gilded by pleasure, amused by surrounding objects he quickly passes on from one stage to another, and almost before he is aware of the lessening distance, arrives at the close of his journey; it soon passes away, and he is gone. The journey of life is a journey which can be but once taken, and though short itself it leads to eternity. How important is it then that its course be rightly directed!

"I have often heard a laughable anecdote of a certain studious doctor of our university (long

since dead,) who, after due preparation for a journey to London, early in the morning set off by the coach, which reached Wycombe to dinner, where they met the downward bound coach, whose passengers also stopped to dine there. The doctor not choosing to partake of the refreshment walked awhile about the gardens, and then, as he supposed, resumed his seat in the coach; but not observing its direction, he unfortunately placed himself in the wrong vehicle, nor once suspected his mistake, till, just as he supposed himself entering London, he exclaimed with astonishment, ‘How exactly alike is this scene to that on Magdalen Bridge at the entrance of Oxford! and dear me yonder is a man exactly like my bed-maker, Joe!’ But how was his surprise heightened and his disappointment confirmed, when the coachman (well knowing him, and suspecting no mistake) drove up to his college gate, and Joe, who on the bridge had caught a glimpse of his master’s wondering visage, hastened to open the coach door, equally astonished at his unexpected return!

“*His* mistake we may smile at; a few hours delay, and a little additional expence, would, perhaps, in his case, set all to rights; but not so *his* who has passed his childhood in idleness, his youth in vanity and dissipation, his manhood in

sordid or ambitious pursuits, his old age in fretfulness and impatience, and *all* in guilty forgetfulness of God ! Nothing can equal, nothing can alleviate his disappointment and anguish, when he finds that the journey of life is terminated, and not one step set in the way to happiness and heaven !

“ My dear children, as you would avoid such misery, now, in the morning of your days, see that you set out aright ; in your childhood, be diligent in acquiring useful knowledge, and virtuous habits ; especially, ‘ remember now your Creator in the days of your youth ;’ so shall your youth be amiable, your manhood useful, your old age respectable, and death (whenever it may come) peaceful and happy.”

Mrs. Bentley again thanked the gentleman for his remarks, and expressed a hope that her dear children would profit by them.

He next pointed their attention to a gentleman's seat, called Aston, the property of General Colliand, a very benevolent person, who lives himself in a frugal, moderate way, and expends the principal part of his income in doing good to his poor neighbours. “ This, my dears,” said he, “ I hope you will ever consider a venerable character, and as far as your means extend, an example for your imitation. The good General, no doubt, has more pleasure in furnishing whole-

some food, and plain dealing to his poor destitute neighbours, than he could have in expending his property on costly and vain luxuries for himself. The richest persons," said Mr. Rowden, "who sincerely wish to devote to the relief of others a suitable portion of the good things which Providence has lodged in their hands, will find the necessity of prudence and regularity in their own expences; and perhaps, if persons in a much lower line of life than the worthy General were as prudent and regular as they ought to be, many, who never supposed they had a shilling to spare from their own uses, would find themselves possessed of considerable means for doing good."

On suddenly perceiving the rapid and irregular descent of the carriage down Stokenchurch Hill, which is exceedingly steep, the children began to be terrified; but Mr. Rowden bade them not be alarmed, saying that every necessary precaution was used by the coachman, who bore an excellent character for care and skill; "beside," said he, "the Providence of God is over us now, as much as when we were on the level ground, and it is as easy for him to protect us. We are always exposed to danger, though we do not always know or recollect it, and our duty is in all cases to take every necessary precaution for our own safety, and in so doing cheerfully

commit ourselves to the protection and blessing of Heaven."

A few miles farther, they noticed a handsome white house belonging to Lord Charles Spencer, a son of the Duke of Marlborough, who resides at Blenheim, one of the most splendid palaces and noble domains in possession of any British subject; a sight of which Mr. Rowden observed would be very gratifying to the children, and which he hoped their mamma would indulge them with, being only eight miles beyond Oxford. Mrs. Bentley replied, "she hoped they would enjoy that pleasure before they returned home, but it would most likely be deferred till their father should come down to accompany them back to London." At Wheatley, the next place they came to, they were much pleased with the sight of a fine park, in which they saw the pretty sheep feeding, and the lambs frisking about beside them; and were reminded of the lines they had often repeated, but which London children scarcely ever enter into the beauty of:—

"Abroad in the meadows to see the young lambs,

"Run sporting about by the sides of their dams

"With fleeces so clean and so white,"

Mr. Rowden observed how highly the present

race of children were favoured by the excellent Doctor Watts, and other writers, who had condescended to devote their pleasing and useful talents to the benevolent object of rendering important truths and salutary maxims familiar and interesting to the capacities of the infant mind. "And I would always advise you, my young friends," said he, "to store your memories with those pleasant and instructive poems, and avoid the foolish and injurious trash in which many young persons (not better taught) seek their amusement."

"Observe that very high hill on the left of us," said Mr. Rowden; "the road formerly went over it, and the alteration which enables us to avoid it is a great advantage, both in point of safety and expedition. It is called Shotover Hill; and I have heard some vague traditions respecting battles having been fought there. It is well worth your visiting on account of the very beautiful and extensive prospect you enjoy from its summit, and also of the many natural curiosities there found. At one part of it is produced the finest Ochre in the kingdom; in another, is an extensive stone quarry; here also is found a curious transparent substance resembling glass, which the country people call isinglass; it is of a diamond square form, and may be split to any thickness. It is

soft and brittle, and when burnt, I am informed, furnishes an excellent powder for cleaning plate. I believe it is also used by young ladies in fancy works. This hill abounds with beautiful and medicinal herbs. Heath, furze, coltsfoot, wormwood, and many others. These things will all be new to you, my dears; but I would advise you to take this opportunity of your visit to the country to obtain some information respecting them. In *every* country walk you may acquire some knowledge, which, though it may seem of a trifling kind, in future life you will find pleasant, and perhaps useful. Much of this you may derive from a little conversation with the poor peasants, who often, in discoursing of the objects that surround them, discover a degree of good sense and intelligence you would scarcely expect to find. In fact, I think, *something* may be gained from every person with whom you converse; and nothing is more pleasing or promising than to see young persons diligently improving every opportunity of gaining useful knowledge. There is one thing more to which I must particularly direct your attention as connected with Shotover Hill. *There* are found shells of fish and bones of various animals in a petrified state, which were most probably cast there by the general deluge; indeed, which can in no other

way be accounted for: you will probably take a pleasure in preserving some of these as curiosities. While you are young they may be useful, as giving you a desire to become acquainted with the history of that wonderful event, the deluge; this you may gratify by a full account given you in the sixth, seventh, and eighth chapters of the book of Genesis; and in after years should you be in company with any persons foolish and wicked enough to disbelieve the Bible, and say that such an event never took place, you may tell them that you not only believe it because the Bible records it, and the Bible *must* be true, but also shew them your Shotover Hill curiosities, and tell them that if the deluge had not taken place, these could not have been produced in such a situation."

"This reminds me of a singular curiosity now in possession of a friend of mine, who will, I am sure, readily gratify you with a sight of it; it is a large stag's horn, and bears an inscription rudely carved of the letters A. D. DCCCII—. If this be correct it must be about eleven hundred years old, those numeral letters signifying seven hundred and two; but the most remarkable circumstance connected with it, is the situation in which it was discovered; namely, under a bed of gravel, where it was most probably cast by some partial de-

luge. But I find we are drawing near the spot where we shall separate. Yonder the beautiful spires and classic shades of Oxford rise to our view! we shall soon reach a small public house where you will be set down, and I suppose, madam, some one from the lodgings you have engaged will meet you to convey your luggage there." Mrs. Bentley said she expected to be met by an old friend (or some of his family) who had engaged the lodging for them, and who had kindly wished them to take up their abode at his house in Oxford, but that Headington was recommended as preferable on account of the children's health. The coach now drew up to the white house, adorned with the sign of Britannia in splendid robes. While the children were admiring her rude figure, their mother with far greater pleasure caught a glance of her old friends Mr. and Mrs. Hartley, who having welcomed Mrs. Bentley and her children to their neighbourhood, were politely accosted by Mr. Rowden, who it appeared resided near them, and had frequently dealt at their shop. He expressed himself much gratified in the society of his young companions, and took his leave, engaging his neighbours, to bring them to his house, as he should be happy to introduce them to Miss Rowden, his niece, who, like himself, was fond of children, and pro-

mising to use the interest which he possessed in obtaining them a sight of some of the colleges and other public buildings of Oxford.

Mr. and Mrs. Hartley accompanied their friends to her lodging in Headington, which she found neat, clean, airy, and comfortable. After taking the refreshment of tea, she wrote a few lines to inform the kind and anxious father of their pleasant journey and safe arrival; this her friends took charge of to put in the post office at Oxford, and bade the weary travellers good evening, promising, if the weather should prove favourable, that their daughters should walk up in the morning and accompany them to Oxford to spend the day.

After a sound repose, the children arose, active and lively, to hail

“The morning beam that bade them rise
“To all the joys of youth.”

But disappointment saluted them when first they approached their chamber window, and saw that a heavy and continued rain utterly prohibited their promised expedition to Oxford. They felt, as *all* lively children will feel, when disappointed of a pleasure on which they depended; but they did *not*, like *some* children, fret

and sulk, and refuse to do or enjoy any thing because they could not do and enjoy exactly what they wished, for that they knew would be foolishly making two troubles instead of one; neither did they reproach their mamma, and say she had broken her promise, for they knew she always punctually fulfilled her word, unless prevented by obvious necessity, and kindly wished them to enjoy as much pleasure as they innocently and safely could. They considered, therefore, that the weather was not in her controul, but in that of the great God, who no doubt ordered it for some important good; therefore they were willing to submit to their little disappointment; and as watching the weather, and wishing it would clear they knew was quite useless, they thought it the wisest course to endeavour to make themselves and each other as happy as possible in doors. After a little exercise, and a little learning (for they had not forgotten to bring their books,) they requested their mother would make them a little book, in which they might write a kind of journal of what they should see and learn during their absence from home.

In her box she found a neat small memorandum book, with red leather covers, which would actually answer their purpose, and which, with a black lead pencil she had by her, she gave

them as a mark of her approbation of their conduct under their disappointment.

While Maria was assisting her mother in arranging the clothes they had brought, and placing them neatly in the drawers, Edward began making memorandums of their journey, from which indeed most of the information contained in this little volume is derived. In the afternoon, as Mrs. Bentley and Maria sat at their needlework, they assisted in recollecting the different objects their good friend Mr. Rowden had pointed out, and his remarks upon them; and thus, notwithstanding their morning's disappointment, the time passed pleasantly on; and as they were sitting at tea, they observed that the rain had ceased, the sky became clear, and the road tolerably dry; their kind mother therefore proposed to take them a little walk about the village, at which they were much pleased. Seeing the church door open, they first took a view of that old building. In the front of the church stands an ancient stone cross, which is one of the most perfect of its kind that yet remains in England. The children supposed it had been a tombstone, but their mother informed them that in the dark times of superstition people built those kind of crosses, and rendered a sort of blind homage to them in professed remembrance of that on which

the Lord Jesus Christ was crucified for man's redemption. She explained to them how useless and unsuitable were such inventions, and leading them into the church pointed out to them a far more rational, scriptural, and interesting monument, a plain white tablet, which records the foundation and endowment of a school for the poor village children to be instructed in reading, writing, arithmetic, plain work and knitting.

After walking to Barton, a very small village, about half a mile distant from Headington, they returned to their lodging, and found an old man with several large bundles and baskets strapped on his back, who had brought a note from Mrs. Hartley, stating, that as the weather had proved so unfavourable that day, she hoped to see her friends on the next, and should send her daughters to accompany them. In the morning the children were highly delighted to find that the weather was quite clear and calm, and their host assured them that his weather-glass indicated a continuance of fine weather. Scarcely had they breakfasted and equipped themselves for their walk, when the Misses Hartley arrived, and after their having rested awhile, the whole party set off for Oxford. After passing several pretty and genteel houses, they turned into a large field, the hedge of which bounded a plantation and grounds

belonging to the lord of the manor. This field, the young ladies informed them, was a few years since inclosed from the common, and cultivated. As they advanced they soon obtained a view of Oxford, and the surrounding country. The day being clear, they could discern at a distance many village spires among the trees, and the fine seat and obelisk in Blenheim Park, which Mr. Rowden had mentioned to them the day before. “Yonder,” said Miss Hartley, “is the large elm, well known by the name of ‘Joe Pullen’s Tree,’ which it acquired from its having been planted by Josiah Pullen, Vice Principal of Magdalen Hall in Oxford,—and yonder comes *Old Banbury, the Headington Fly*.”* “Oh, mamma,” said Edward, “that is the old man who brought the note last night from Mrs. Hartley.” “Yes, my dear,” returned Miss Hartley, “his constant employment is in carrying letters and parcels to and from Headington and Oxford. He regularly takes two, often three, and sometimes four journeys in a day; he is now returning from his first journey with the letters he has just received at the post office, and which he conveys not only to Headington, but to three or

* Appendix, No. 1.

four little villages around." "Then I hope he has got one for *us*; you said mamma that you hoped we should receive a letter from our dear papa to day." "Yes, my dear, I hope he has found a leisure half hour to indulge us; if you please you may run forward and civilly ask the old man whether he has got a letter directed for Mrs. Bentley, at Mr. Barker's, Headington, near Oxford." The children needed not twice bidding, but bounded over the heathy path across Headington field, and scarcely took a moment to notice the pretty sheep and lambs that were still permitted to crop part of the pasture; so impatient were they to hear of their dear father and home. They soon reached the old newsman, who, at their request, examined his budget, (which was carefully deposited in the crown of his hat,) and found the treasure, the postage of which Mrs. Bentley having paid, and given the old man a small recompence for his trouble, they walked on, hearing with pleasure the tidings that health and comfort still reigned at home; and the kind hints for their improvement, which their thoughtful father failed not to convey, with his wishes for the perfect recovery of their health. Having rested a few moments on the large stone under Joe Pullen's Tree, they turned into the excellent gravel path down Headington Hill, which is kept in

constant repair by the University, with the members of which it is a favourite walk ; it commands a fine view of the city. On the hill the children were much surprised at the singular dress of some gentlemen they met, who wore full black robes of stuff or silk, some having large bag sleeves of various shapes, others two stripes from the shoulders, resembling leading-strings, and all, instead of hats, caps fitted to the head, surmounted with a square board, covered with black cloth, and ornamented with a large silk tassel ; these, their companions informed them, were gentlemen of the University taking their morning walk ; that the different shape of their dresses denoted their different degrees and stations in the University.—Some you will perhaps see with velvet caps and golden tassels ; these are noblemen ; and some with large velvet sleeves ; these are the proctors, whose office it is to watch against, and correct, any rude or disorderly behaviour among the younger members of the University.

Having descended the hill, they saw, on the left hand, a neat building, which Miss Hartley informed them was a Roman Catholic chapel, and on each side of the road a handsome set of alms houses, each inclosed in a garden ; the one destined for the maintenance of a number of elderly men

from several counties in England, in the centre of which is a good house and delightful garden appropriated to an apothecary, who attends them in case of illness ; the other is principally or wholly occupied by elderly women. The appearance of pavement, and some small houses, denoted their approach to the city. " Is this Oxford ?" asked Edward. " No, my dear, this is the parish of St. Clement in the suburbs : we shall not enter the city till we have passed over the bridge." Almost the first shop they came to was that of a cutler, which reminded Mrs. Bentley that she had forgotten to bring her scissars from London, and should be obliged to purchase a pair. Miss Hartley assured her the old gentleman, who kept the shop, was noted for being an excellent workman, and one who would not sell an inferior article. They therefore went in, but not finding him at home, promised to look in on their return in the evening. At the end of the parish of St. Clement is a double turnpike at the foot of Magdalen Bridge, where the Henley and Wycombe roads meet. Here they were passed by an old man of as curious, though very different, appearance from old Banbury ; this was *the Iffley Fly** who travels in

* Appendix, No. 2.

the same manner from Iffley a small village on the Henley road. From the centre of the bridge they admired the fine water walks of Magdalen College and Joe Pullen's Tree, and the hill which they had just descended, and noticed the singular appearance of the bridge, being above half built on dry land; the cattle and sheep are seen feeding in the meadow below. Miss Hartley observed to them that the scene was very different in winter time; the bridge covering at each of its extremities a branch of the Cheswell, which owing to the floods at that season often meet, and form one wide expanse of water. They were now aroused by a deep voice, saying "Goodluck, come on." "This (whispered Miss Hartley) is *the St. Clement's cutler** returning from market with his old shock dog; you would hardly suppose, from his present appearance, that he was once the most buckish young man of the day. He is a man of many singularities, but universally respected, as possessed of extraordinary good natural abilities, as an ingenious, honest tradesman, and as a civil inoffensive neighbour. Many very learned gentlemen of the University frequent his shop for the sake of

* Appendix, No. 3.

his conversation.” “What fine large church is this?” said Edward, as they left the bridge. “It is not a church, my dear, but a college, where many gentlemen reside, some taking up a stated and permanent abode there, others only coming for a while to pursue the studies necessary to qualify them for following either of the learned professions, or for shining in the higher walks of private life; there are many such in Oxford.—This is called Magdalen College, and is, I think, one of the finest; but you will, I hope, have an opportunity of visiting it during your stay here: my father intends taking you to see whatever may be considered likely to gratify or instruct you; and our neighbour, Mr. Rowden, has kindly engaged to accompany us wherever he has an interest to gain admission, or when my father may be too much engaged in the shop to attend you. He called yesterday to see if you were come, but did not of course expect you on account of the weather.”

Mrs. Bentley took the opportunity of making some enquiries concerning the gentleman who seemed so kindly interested in her children, and was informed by Miss Hartley, that he had formerly been a bookseller in Oxford; but had many years retired from business, and lived independent, in a genteel and quiet part of the

city. Edward had scarcely taken off his eyes from the beautiful tower of Magdalen College, (which he seemed reluctant to pass without a more minute inspection) when Maria pointed him to a poor man stationed with a small board of fruit and cakes for sale, under the shade of a fine row of elms that reach from Magdalen College gate to the bottom of the High Street. "Poor creature!" said she, "look at the distorted shape of his limbs! cannot he walk, Miss Hartley?" "Yes, my dear, I believe he can walk pretty well, though I have seldom or never seen him but in his present station; and I suppose he picks up a pretty good living, having the custom of many persons who pass by on their walks, and no doubt that of the young gentlemen of Magdalen school, to whose lounging appetites his rosy apples and sugared cakes present a tempting aspect." "Poor man," said Maria, "I am not very hungry, yet I should like to spend a penny with him, mamma, if you have no objection. I always grieve to see persons who are not favoured with the right shape and use of their limbs, and think how thankful we ought to be for the mercies we enjoy."

"Are these thy favors day by day,

"To me above the rest?"

"Then let me love thee more than they,

"And try to serve thee best."

Mamma's permission being granted, each of the children purchased a plain cake of the well-known *Dicky Dunker*,* and passed on to Mr. Hartley's, whose house is situated in one of the principal streets, called the Corn Market; in passing to which, they were struck with the fine appearance of the High Street, which is of an unusual length and breadth, remarkably clean, and well paved; and the assemblage of magnificent colleges and churches, which its curvical form displays to the greatest advantage, is calculated to strike the beholder with surprise and delight. As they reached Carfax, or St. Martin's Church, the clock struck eleven, and the children observed that the striking was performed (like that of St. Dunstan's, in Fleet Street, which they had often seen,) by small figures of men striking their hammers on the bell. At this moment a gentleman in academical habits came up to the church; and the notice of the children was attracted by his unusually low stature. "Oh, dear mamma," whispered Edward, "did you ever see such a little man; he is no taller than the little figures that strike the clock!" Mrs. Bentley checked Edward, for she could not bear that any conduct in her children should seem like

* Appendix, No. 4.

contempt or ridicule of those whom Providence has seen fit to afflict with any bodily defect or singularity. The gentleman being gone into the church, Miss Hartley observed, that "she was not surprised at the children noticing his appearance, as he never failed to excite the astonishment of strangers. He is so well known in Oxford, being a native of the place, that we meet him and think nothing of it; but I should wonder if any person, the first time of seeing *the little doctor**, could pass him unnoticed. He is generally called *doctor*, though, I believe, he has not attained a higher degree than that of Master of Arts. But he is never offended at this appellation, nor indeed at any pleasantry which his little peculiarities excite; and I believe this is the best way to blunt the edge of sarcasm: when *all* join in the laugh, the object is lost in the crowd."

Edward's comparison reminds me of a joke that was played upon the poor little doctor some few years since; one of the figures that strike the clock of Carfax, accidentally fell down, and some limbs being broken, it was for some time undergoing repairs. The doctor's boyish com-

* Appendix, No. 5.

panions, in the mean time, diverted themselves by drawing up a paper, stating his intention of offering himself as a candidate to supply the vacancy. Another anecdote I have heard, that the doctor (being on a visit in Buckinghamshire,) and returning to his friend's house late on a winter's night, in company with several other gentlemen, who had spent the evening together at a neighbour's house, one of the party, a medical gentleman, nearly as remarkable for his lofty, as is the doctor, for his diminutive stature, took his *little* friend up in his arms, and placed him astride on the angular portico of a house by which they passed, a situation, from which the doctor had no means of extricating himself, and was compelled to bear the bitter piercing wind and pelting storm, till his friend (having sufficiently exercised the doctor's patience, and gratified his own whim,) returned, and once more placed him on *terra firma*.

But here is our house, and my father and mother, I am sure, are expecting our arrival. Mrs. Bentley, fatigued with her walk, gladly accepted the rest and refreshment which her friend's house afforded; but the young ones declared they felt neither weariness nor hunger, and only longed to explore the wonders and curiosities of the delightful place to which they were come.

Just then Mr. Rowden, with his niece, taking their morning walk, called to enquire after his young companions, and invited their company, saying, he would endeavour in the course of the walk to gratify their curiosity with a sight of some of the beauties of Oxford. Passing on to the north, they admired the street called St. Giles's; which, from its extraordinary breadth, and from the row of trees on each side, and the small gardens, or grass-plots, in front of several of the houses, has the appearance of an elegant village. On the right side is St. John's, a spacious college; before it, in front, is a handsome terrace walk, shaded with a row of elms. Mr. Rowden led the children in to take a view of the beautiful gardens, with which they were delighted. He kindly pointed out to them the statues in brass of King Charles the First and his Queen, which adorn the porticos of the inner quadrangle, through which they passed to the gardens, as well as every other object he considered worthy of their notice. On their return from the garden he called a servant of the college, who shewed them the chapel and library.—In the former is a beautiful piece of tapestry, representing our Lord breaking the bread with his disciples at Emmaus, from a famous original of the celebrated artist, Titian. Maria admired the ingenuity and patience

here exhibited ; but Mr Rowden observed to her, how much more usefully the time might have been employed ; and told her he thought the busy *Martha* taking care of her house, (so as she did not forget the one thing needful,) or the pious *Dorcas* making garments for the poor, were more acceptable to God, more useful to men, and more worthy examples for general imitation, than the nun, who pined away her years in gloomy solitude, counting her beads, and poring over her tapestry. On the wall of the chapel is a singular curiosity.—A marble urn, containing the heart of Dr. Rawlinson, enclosed in a silver vessel, which was placed here according to the directions of his last will ; but he left the college a more substantial proof of his affectionate regard, in a rich addition to its funds. In the library they were gratified with a sight of many valuable books and rare manuscripts. And among other curiosities is shewn a drawing of King Charles the First, which contains the whole book of Psalms written on the lines of the face and the hair of the head. Leaving this college, they passed on by St. Giles's Church, which terminates the street, and the city at that end, and is a very pleasing object, as it is in full front view all up the street. The prayers were just over, and the congregation coming out of

church. Among others, was a feeble decrepit old man; every limb and feature appeared to have been distorted from his birth; his limbs tottered, and his head shook from age and disease; his garments bespoke his poverty, and a lad attended to guide his trembling steps. "There, my dears," said Mr. Rowden, "is one of the richest men in Oxford." "Indeed!" exclaimed the children. "Rich, Sir! why he looks as poor as Job!" Mr. Rowden smiled at the comparison, and said, "perhaps my assertion, and your judgment may both be right at last; you know true riches do not consist in the abundance that a man hath. When Job was stripped of every thing, his property, his children, his friends, his health, he could still say, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth!' This was a greater portion to him than all the treasures that a wicked man may possess; and in this sense I meant to say that *old Tommy Yarrow** was one of the richest men in Oxford. I have known Oxford now above fifty years, and recollect his always appearing just the same as he does now. His bodily defects occasion great weakness, but I do not suppose he suffers any violent pain; he has never, I believe, been able to

* Appendix, No. 6.

do any thing for his own maintenance, but is very humanely taken care of in the house of industry, which is provided for the reception of the infirm, poor, and unemployed inhabitants of Oxford. I have often spoken with him, and never heard him express any murmur or complaint on account of his poverty and afflictions; and the reason is, he has been enabled to seek and find the supports and consolations which are derived from religion, by means of which his present trials and distresses appear light and insignificant. Oh! my dear children, prize your Bible, you know not what you may have to meet with between this and the grave; but if you love your Bible, you will find *it* a never failing spring of comfort. If you could possess all the riches and grandeur of the world, without religion they would not make you happy. And religion could make you happy in the absence of all.—

‘ ’Tis religion that can give,
‘ Real pleasures while we live;
‘ ’Tis religion must supply,
‘ Solid comforts when we die.’

Poor old Tommy need not envy the greatest monarch on earth, while he can say, ‘Thou art my portion, O God. I shall be satisfied when I awake in thy likeness.’

“A friend of mine, who sometimes officiates in the workhouse chapel, has often expressed to me the pleasure he has felt in having this afflicted, but pious man, for one of his auditors. He says, that on the mention of any particular passage of scripture, he has seen tears of joy run down his furrowed cheeks. In prayer, when any petition is expressed which seems to answer his case, he cannot refrain from interposing a loud Amen; and in sermons, if any thing strikes him as particularly important, solemn, or interesting, he jogs those who sit near him, and who, perhaps, may be disposed to trifle, and endeavours to arouse or keep up their attention; and as the minister passes, he never fails to salute him with a hearty ‘God bless you, Sir,’ and affectionately to squeeze the hand of his reverend friend. Nor does old Thomas confine his attendance in the house of God to the sabbath; whenever his health permits, he constantly attends the weekday prayers in this church, the workhouse being situated in this parish.”

“I remember,” said Miss Rowden, “when I was a very little girl at school, we used to run away frightened from old Tommy, (for he was *old Tommy* then) and my governess would say, ‘Do not be so silly child; that good old man would not hurt a worm; and if you live to grow

up, it will be well for you if you are as pious and good as he is, even though you should be as afflicted; for no doubt his light afflictions, which are but for a moment, will work for him a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory'."

Mr. Rowden made some remarks on the folly and wickedness of nurses and others, who often make bug-bears of any distorted and afflicted person, to terrify children; thus filling their minds with unfounded superstitious fears, and teaching them to hate, despise, and ridicule harmless and good persons.

And by this time the children were anxious to know the name of a neat and handsome building on the left hand side of the road. This, their friend informed them, was an infirmary, erected by the trustees of a vast property, left by the late Doctor Radcliffe, for various important and benevolent purposes. This infirmary, he observed, was a most valuable benefit to the inhabitants of Oxford and its neighbourhood, who, in time of illness or accident, might here obtain the best medical attendance and relief their circumstances required, either as in or out patients of this valuable institution. "If you should stay in Oxford till the latter end of June, I should like to take you to St. Mary's Church,

where an annual sermon is preached for its benefit, and in general large sums are collected to aid so good a design. A little higher is a fine building called the Observatory, where the professor of astronomy resides, and is furnished with a most complete and valuable assortment of instruments for making his astronomical observations; there are also others for the use of students, and a lecture room for their instruction in the delightful and beneficial science of astronomy, which is so well calculated to impress the mind with sentiments of adoring gratitude towards the great Creator. David, long ago found contemplations of the heavenly bodies beneficial, as leading his mind to suitable thoughts of God, the Great Maker of all. He said, ‘the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handy work.’—‘O Lord, our God, how excellent is thy name in all the earth! who hast set thy glory above the heavens; when I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained, what is man that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man that thou visitest him?’”

“Edward,” said Maria, “that is a pretty poem you learnt at school; is that about astronomy?”

“What, do you mean ‘The spacious firmament on high’?” “Yes, that is what I mean; it is very pretty, Sir; shall Edward say it all?”

“ If he pleases, my dear, I shall be happy to hear it, though it has been many years familiar to me. It is a paraphrase on the 19th Psalm, (which I just quoted) by a gentleman named Addison, who formerly resided at Oxford, and was, I believe, a member of Magdalen College, as a part of the beautiful walk belonging to that college is still called Addison’s walk.” “ And by the way, Louisa,” said Mr. Rowden to his niece, “ we must not forget to take our young friends there some warm day. At present, I think, we must not lengthen our walk; these children, I am sure, must be tired, and I believe Mr. Hartley’s family dine early. They accordingly turned back, and at Mr. Hartley’s door Mr. Rowden and his niece took their leave, after engaging Mrs. Bentley and the children, and any of her friend’s family who could make it convenient, to take tea with them in the afternoon. At dinner the children were introduced to the remainder of Mr. Hartley’s family, a fine youth, who was apprenticed at the printing office, and two little ones, a boy and girl, rather younger than Edward and Maria Bentley, who were both at school when they called in the morning. In a few minutes the children were become good friends, and parted with regret, when the clock striking two, summoned Samuel Hartley to school, and in a few minutes the servant came in for little Jane. How-

ever, they wisely betook themselves to their old remedy for banishing dullness, *employment* ; and I can confidently recommend this to my young readers as one of the most efficacious remedies that can be suggested for gaping, fretfulness, and discontent.

While Maria learnt a little geography and spelling, and then quietly accompanied her mother and Mrs. and the Misses Hartley at needle-work, Edward, (according to his father's desire before he left home) made a neat Latin exercise, and did a sum in multiplication quite correct ; then took out his memorandum book, to enter the observations of the morning, and heard with surprizethe clock strike five, and his friend Samuel's voice enquiring after him. The boys amused themselves at whiptop ; and like most children that work and learn heartily, they played heartily too. But they were soon interrupted, by Mrs. Bentley calling Edward to wash his hands and change his shoes, as she was almost ready to go to Mr. Rowden's. Mrs. Hartley and her two eldest daughters accompanied them. Mr. Hartley being engaged in the shop, and Mrs. Hartley, fearful of intruding the two little ones, lest they should be troublesome ; but it was certainly a strong pledge that they would not have been so, that when their mother said she could not take them, they bore the privation without a

murmur, and went contentedly to learn their tasks for the next day, and then to play.

Mr. Rowden occupied a genteel and pleasant house in Holywell Street; in passing to which, they admired the fine group of building in Broad Street; the museum, the theatre, and the printing office, but could not then stay minutely to survey them. After tea, Miss Rowden proposed taking a walk to New College, it being the hour for prayers; the children, she thought, would be gratified by a sight of the chapel, as well as hearing the organ. This proposal was readily acceded to on their parts, and they reached the chapel just in time to hear the anthem admirably performed on a very fine organ, and accompanied by the sweet voices of the little choristers. Here, every thing was new to the children; but they forbore to make any enquiries till the service was over; when one of the gentlemen belonging to the college, who knew Mr. Rowden, came up, and politely offered to conduct the party up the chapel. He directed their notice to the many curiosities and beauties of this noble and elegant building, which is of gothic architecture, richly ornamented with carved work and painted windows. The great west window is esteemed one of the finest in the University;—the lower part is divided into seven compartments, which are occupied by the three

christian graces, Faith, Hope, and Charity, and the four cardinal virtues, Temperance, Fortitude, Justice, and Prudence. They are admirably depicted, and accompanied by the usual emblems and attendants ; but the upper part of the window presents the most superb spectacle. The subject is the Nativity of Jesus Christ : the centre presents a view of the stable, where we behold the Blessed Virgin gazing with fond admiration at her infant ; a group of angels kneeling around him ; a company of shepherds pressing forward to catch a sight of the wondrous babe ; and Joseph (his supposed father,) looking on the spectators, and pointing to him as “the promised seed,” the “desire of all nations.” In the clouds above, is an angel contemplating the mystery of the cross ; and on either side, are represented groups of shepherds, and other persons, approaching the stable to pay their devotions to the new born Saviour. Two of these convey striking likenesses of the artists by whom this admirable work was executed, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Mr. Jervais.—The windows on the sides of the chapel represent Patriarchs, Prophets, Apostles, Saints, and Martyrs ; and over the communion table is some fine marble sculpture, on subjects taken from scripture. In a small case, in this chapel, is deposited a crosier of the founder,

which is a rare and valuable curiosity ; it is nearly seven feet in length, is of silver gilt, embellished with a variety of the richest gothic workmanship, expressing angels and tutelar saints of Winchester, of which see the founder was bishop. It was found a few years since, (when the chapel underwent complete alterations) concealed between the leads and rafters of the roof, where it had probably lain several centuries.

“ Pray, Sir,” said Edward, “ what is the use of a crosier ? ” Mr. Rowden smiled at the question, which older wits than Edward have asked before him, and answered, “ the office of a bishop is often in scripture compared to that of a shepherd ; indeed one word, *pastor*, signifies both. A faithful minister, as an under shepherd, has the charge of souls which are the property of Jesus Christ, the Great Shepherd of the sheep. In the land of Israel, their principal wealth and occupation consisted in keeping sheep. Hence it is, that the sacred writers use similies, taken from the skilfulness, faithfulness, and tenderness, of a good shepherd, to illustrate the conduct both of the great God himself, and of his faithful ministers, towards his flock. The shepherds of old used a crook, with which they guided the sheep, and a staff wherewith to defend them against savage beasts, that would worry or de-

stroy them. In allusion to this, therefore, a bishop is represented with a crosier, or crook, as emblematical of his office. Perhaps at first some bishop might choose to dress himself in the habit of a shepherd, and carry a common crook such as they used. Then, in the superstitious times of popery, some peculiar sanctity was ascribed to his character and his crook, till at length it was considered essential for all bishops to use this badge of their profession; and, whether the materials and workmanship were dictated by the pride of the prelate, or the liberality of his flock, it become a matter of competition to possess a crosier of the most costly materials, and elegant ornaments. For very frequently little superstitions lead to great ones; and the spirit of a character, or an office, is lost, in too much attention to the circumstantialia of it."

"And pray, Sir," asked Edward, "who are those little boys that joined in the service? they had surplices and square caps, like the gentlemen, only they were without tassels?" "They are choristers," replied the gentleman, who accompanied them. "The person who founded this college endowed it with funds for the maintenance of a warden or governor, seventy fellows, ten chaplains, three clerks, a sexton, and sixteen choristers. These boys receive a good

education ; and when it is completed, if they prove studious and deserving, they are often admitted as clerks, to complete their preparation for the learned professions."

" Oh, mamma," said Edward, " that was what I told you Samuel Hartley was to be ; but I could not recollect the word chorister. Am I not right ma'am ?" turning to Mrs. Hartley. " Yes, my dear ; we are endeavouring to obtain a situation of this kind for Samuel ; he is a very good boy for learning, and if he should be spared to grow up a good man, it would give us great pleasure to see him become a useful minister. A suitable education elsewhere, would be too expensive for us, therefore we shall be thankful to gain such a situation for him. Our eldest boy, Henry, was a chorister of Christ Church, and we found it a great help indeed, as he obtained an excellent education ; and beside that, his salary formed a little fund, which served to place him apprentice."

" If it would not be troublesome, I should like to ask one question more," said Edward, looking to the stranger. " As many as you please, Sir ; I love to see children inquisitive, and shall be happy to answer you, if it is in my power." " Thank you, Sir ; I wish to know the name and use of those long black things some of the

gentlemen wore over their shoulders, which came to a point, and nearly touched the ground, some are lined with red, and some are edged with white ; yours, I see, Sir, is lined with red."

The gentleman very good-naturedly took off his hood, and permitted the children to examine it. " It is called a hood," said he ; " as to its use, I suppose it was formerly considered a very important appendage to the clerical character ; but at present I know of no other use that can be assigned to it, than that of distinguishing, by the colour of the lining, the academical degree of the wearer. A student in civil law, which is the lowest degree, has a purple silk hood ; a bachelor of arts has a black hood, trimmed with white fur ; a master of arts black, with crimson lining ; a bachelor of divinity all black ; and a doctor of divinity scarlet cloth."

The party now left the chapel, with many thanks to the gentleman who had so kindly gratified them with a sight of its curiosities. They then walked round the beautiful gardens, a great part of which is bounded by the old city wall, with its battlements and bastions. On one side of the garden is a pleasant bowling green, for the amusement of the gentlemen. It is bounded by a row of tall sycamores, which are a great natural curiosity, the branches being interwoven

and incorporated with each other from end to end ; with these the children were highly delighted, and indeed with the whole scene ;—but their prudent mother considering the long walk they had before them, and dreading the night air for the children, advised them to hasten out of the gardens, engaging, that some other day, they should come, accompanied by their little friends, the Hartleys, and pay a longer visit to this delightful spot ; as she felt too much confidence in them to fear that they would, by stepping on the beds, and gathering or injuring the flowers, abuse the liberty so kindly granted to strangers, of walking in this and other college gardens. As they quitted the garden, Mr. Rowden said he must detain them one moment to notice the motto over its gate, inscribed in old writing “ *Manners makyth man.*” “ ’Tis a very good maxim, my dear children,” said he, “ and I hope you will always bear it in mind, and form your estimate of the respect due to others and to yourselves, not by the weight of the purse, or the gaiety of the dress, but by the excellence of character and conduct ; for as one of our poets familiarly observes :—

“ Worth makes the *man*, and want of it, the *fellow* :

“ The rest is all but leather and prunello.”

At the college gate they took leave of the gentleman, and having rested a short time at Mr. Rowden's, set forward for Headington, pretty well tired by the time they reached it, and glad when they had committed themselves to the care and protection of the great Shepherd of Israel, to retire to rest.

Another day, when the children were in Oxford, Mr. Hartley took them to see Christ Church College, which is the largest in the University. It is a very magnificent specimen of that old kind of architecture, called gothic. Mr. Hartley led them on the opposite side to admire its noble front; in the tower of which is placed the great bell called Tom, which is the *heaviest in England*; and at nine o'clock every night it is tolled one hundred and one, that being the number of students belonging to that college; at the sound of which, the younger members of the University are enjoined by statute to repair to their respective societies. It is said that when Queen Anne paid a visit to Oxford, this bell (among others) was rung in honor of the occasion, and the concussion was so great, as to cause the death of a person passing by; since which time it has never been rung. There was also a melancholy accident occurred there in the year 1775. Alexander Jamieson, a gentleman's servant, going up to see the bell,

mounted one of the beams which support it, and on jumping down, the floor gave way, and precipitated him to the bottom of the stair-case, by which he was instantly killed.

Mr. Hartley took the children into the church yard of St. Aldates, just opposite great Tom, and shewed them the stone on which is inscribed the memorial of this melancholy affair :—" How true it is," said he, " that in the midst of life we are in death. We can scarcely ever enter a church-yard without witnessing the records of sudden and accidental death. Yonder is one ;—pointing to the grave stone of a young man who was drowned just below Folly Bridge, by the ebbing of a dangerous kind of boat, called a canoe, much used for pleasure, till forbidden by the governor of the University.

" These things ought to teach us never to depend much upon life, and always to be ready for death, which must shortly and may suddenly come. But we must hasten back to Christ Church, as I wish to shew you the library and hall, and be out in time to see the chapel before prayers begin.

" That building to the right is Pembroke College ; in itself it has nothing very magnificent or curious ; but has been honoured, by sending forth several exalted characters, eminent in literature and piety. Among others, the great Doctor

Johnson, and Doctor Moore, late Archbishop of Canterbury."

Having crossed the road and entered, by Tom gate, the great quadrangle or square, Mr. Hartley pointed them to the right side, partly in ruins, having been recently destroyed by fire, and which the workmen were vigorously engaged in rebuilding. In the centre of this quadrangle is a bason and fountain, with a leaden statue of Mercury, which, it is said, was once (when the bason was frozen over) removed from its situation by some of the young men, and placed against the door of one of their governors, with a letter, stating their dislike of his management and discipline. "This," said Mr. Hartley, "if true, took place before my remembrance; but it is a very short time since, that I was eye-witness of one specimen of the young gentlemen's wild frolics, exhibited by Mercury and his bason. They have long been famous for their nightly depredations on the knockers and bells, hundreds of which have been wrenched off from the doors; and when the water was let off for the purpose of cleansing the bason, nearly half a bushel of knockers was found at the bottom; others were sent in hampers, flag baskets, &c. to persons in distant parts of the kingdom, accompanied with polite letters, requesting the individuals, to whom

they were sent, to accept the present offering, which would, in due time, be followed by the scrapers. It is a great pity but they could invent some more rational amusement. Innocent cheerfulness is pleasing, especially in youth, but it is highly desirable for young persons to learn the art of being at once 'merry and wise.' The salutary discipline of the University is continually employed in suppressing these irregularities, and I hope with some success. The young men, in general, are far less riotous and disorderly, than they were a few years back, and it is reasonable to hope that, as riot and folly are suppressed, wisdom, learning, and propriety will flourish, and the University send forth, more numerous than ever, men fitted to adorn and bless their respective spheres in church and state." From the centre Mr. Hartley directed the attention of the children to three statues, one in Tom's tower, of Queen Anne;—one in the north east corner, of Dr. Fell, formerly bishop of Oxford, and dean of the college. "Doctor Fell," said Edward: "I have heard a verse about Doctor Fell, which I never could understand. It is

' I do not like you, Doctor Fell ;
' The reason why I cannot tell ;
' But this one thing I know full well,
' I do not like you Doctor Fell.'

Pray, Sir, can you tell me the meaning?"—"The only meaning, my dear, that I can see in it, is, that it proves there have been some people in the world foolish enough to think, and decide, and act without any reason; and they have not been ashamed to expose and to perpetuate their folly. In the opposite corner is the statue of the great Cardinal Wolsey, who founded the college; perhaps, Master Bentley, you may recollect something of his history?" "I have read a little of it, Sir, in Mrs. Trimmer's English history, which my father made me a present of on my last birthday. It mentions that he was a man of great abilities and learning; but of a haughty, imperious, and ostentatious disposition; he was prime minister to King Henry the Eighth, who was entirely led by him to adopt all his ambitious and arbitrary schemes, and who loaded him with honours and preferments: but at last he offended the king, was deprived of all he possessed, and, in want and disgrace, he closed a miserable existence in the Abbey of Leicester, saying 'If I had served my God as faithfully as I have my king, he would not thus have forsaken my grey hairs'." "This was a melancholy reflection, indeed," observed Mr. Hartley. How much happier was the good old king of Israel, who could say, 'O God, thou hast taught me from my youth;

now, also, when I am old and grey headed, O God, forsake me not !” May you, my dear children, be inclined to seek and serve God in your youth, and then you will never want a friend in your old age. We will now go up and take a view of the hall, which, I suppose, they are just preparing for the gentlemen to dine in’.” In this superb room the children were gratified by the sight of the tables spread ready for dinner for the large society of Christ Church. Also many fine portraits of celebrated men, who had been educated in, or otherwise connected with the college. On descending the beautiful stone stair-case from the hall, they found the chapel doors open, and entered to take a view. This chapel, Mr. Hartley informed the children, was also the cathedral church of Oxford, where the bishop holds his ordinations. It was originally the church of St. Frideswide’s monastery ; and here is shewn her shrine or tomb. She died in the year 739. There are several painted windows, one representing St. Peter delivered out of prison by the angel ; one of Jonah and his gourd, and some other scriptural subjects. There are many monuments of beautiful structure and elegant inscriptions : but being in Latin, Edward Bentley found he must make farther progress in the language, before he could satisfactorily interpret them. They next visited

the library, which forms one side of another beautiful and modern quadrangle, called Peckwater. The library, which was shewn them by a well-known elderly gentlewoman, of neat and respectable appearance,* contains a choice collection of valuable books and beautiful paintings, by the most celebrated masters. Among these, the children particularly admired one, in which the painter has depicted his own family in a butcher's shop. And another, representing a dying Magdalen borne to heaven by four cherubs. There they saw, also, an admirable whole length statue of the great philosopher, Locke, who was formerly a student of this college.

Having attentively examined the curiosities of this beautiful library, they left the college by the Anatomy School, a neat building, erected and endowed for the maintenance of a professor of anatomy, and for depositing all curiosities and preparations, and making experiments, for the improvement of the students in that science. They now entered the wide gravel walk, universally allowed to be the finest in Europe, being a quarter of a mile in length, of a proportionable breadth, shaded on each side with lofty elms, and

* See Appendix, No. 7.

kept admirably smooth, clean, and neat. It commands a sight of Lord Harcourt's seat, a pleasant prospect of the meadows, the Thames, and some adjacent villages. Having reached the lower end of this beautiful walk, they returned by that which surrounds Christ Church meadow, which is also a favourite resort for the members of the University, as well as ladies and children; but which, on account of the river, is very dangerous for little folks, unless they are perfectly orderly and tractable, and their nurse-maids very steady and attentive. Having walked nearly round the meadow, they found a stand of pleasure boats of all descriptions, which afforded a gay variety to the scene. Several parties of gentlemen were returning from their morning's row, a favourite diversion, and hastening to their respective colleges to dinner. A large party of gentlemen and ladies were just setting off in a house boat, taking provisions with them for an afternoon's excursion.

"Oh, father," said Samuel Hartley, "you have a long, long while promised to take us for a treat to Nuneham Park; do let us go while Miss and Master Bentley are with us." "I do not know, my dear," answered his father, "whether Mrs. Bentley may chuse to venture them so far on the water, as they have so lately recovered from the hooping cough; if you recollect, it was *your*

having had it last summer that prevented our going then. However, I should be very happy to gratify you and your friends as far as prudence permits; and should think we might venture some fine warm day as far as Godstow, which I dare say will be interesting to you all, as being the place where the unfortunate Rosamond Clifford resided, and where she fell a sacrifice to her own indiscretion, and the revenge of her injured rival, Queen Eleanor. Let me see, if you are all fond of the water, suppose we now cross the river, here are plenty of boats at leisure; yonder stands the *boating landlady* * in a punt; I dare say she will come over and land us on the other side. We shall then cross Folly Bridge, over which formerly stood the study occupied by the celebrated Friar Bacon." Mr. Hartley called to the active landlady, who instantly obeyed his summons, and quite astonished the children by her skill and alacrity in managing the boat; a province which they had never imagined *could* be filled by a female.

As soon as they were landed, they took a view of the road leading to Alington, a market town, six miles distant, and crossed Folly Bridge, a fine old structure, which Mr. Hartley informed

* Appendix, No. 8.

them it was in contemplation to pull down, and erect a new one, which should render the southern entrance to Oxford as elegant as the eastern one, which they had so much admired; they then found themselves in the street, from which they had entered Christ Church College. Just as they were ascending the hill, in front of that building, their attention was excited by a singular noise, which they perceived to be occasioned by a poor cripple, who being unable to walk, conveyed himself along the street with amazing speed, on a small low four legged stool.—“This poor creature,” said Mr. Hartley, “is well known to all the Oxford children, as ‘*Billy on the stool*’; he is about forty years of age, and was from his earliest infancy afflicted with convulsive fits, which occasioned this pitiable distortion of his limbs, and total helplessness as to the means of providing for his own sustenance; and what is still more melancholy, reduced him to a state of complete idiotism. What an affecting, humbling picture does poor Billy afford of human nature! Surely, when we look at his melancholy and afflicted state, we ought to put away pride for any attainments or enjoyments of our own, considering that we are as liable as him to be deprived

of them ; and that we received them at first, and continue to hold them only from the free goodness of God, who saw fit to afflict him and spare us ! What a reproof too, is conveyed by poor Billy, dragging out his pitiable existence, incapable of active exertion, mental improvement, and religious enjoyment, to those, whom God has blessed with active limbs and good capacities for doing their duty in this world, and preparing for another. Yet, who will not make use of these abilities, or apply themselves to useful labour or learning. ‘ I am sure *they* will not be able to give for every day a good account at last’.”

“ Papa,” said little Jane, “ I saw some boys, one day, teasing poor Billy, and put him in such a passion ; how very naughty that was ! ” — “ Very wrong, indeed, my dear. I hope, my dear children, you, who have learnt good Dr Watts’s pretty hymn, entitled ‘ Good Resolutions,’ will never be guilty of such cruelty. — Do you remember it Jane ? ”

“ Yes, papa. I believe you mean that verse :

‘ When I see the blind or lame,
‘ Deaf or dumb, I’ll kindly treat them :
‘ I deserve to feel the same
‘ If I mock, or hurt, or cheat them.’

“ Yes,” said Samuel : “ and Jane *is* a good

girl, papa, for she not only remembers to *say* this, but to *do* it. For when she saw the rude boys provoking poor Billy, she gave him a penny, which mamma had given her to buy a bun of the old cake-woman ; and the poor fellow was quite pleased, and seemed to forget the vexation the boys had occasioned him.”—“ Then,” answered Mr. Hartley, “ I am sure Jane has experienced the reward that attends self-denial. When she saw that her little act of kindness had soothed this poor creature’s feelings, she was more gratified than she could have been by eating the best bun in the old woman’s basket ; besides, she has enjoyed the consciousness of having done right, and now also that of giving her father pleasure ; which I do believe she always wishes to do, and which, I assure you, I always feel, when I see in my dear children a disposition to deny their own indulgence for the comfort of others. Ah, here comes a poor creature, very pitiable indeed, but very different from poor Billy. We feel more inclined to disgust and contempt at sight of him than to pity ! When that man is sober, he is industrious, inoffensive, and respectable, and gets a decent livelihood as a tailor. But he is very prone to habits of intemperance : and when this vice gets the better of him, he becomes overbearing and quarrelsome ; calls himself *Captain*

Ward ;* assumes great airs of consequence, and abuses and fights any person who does not comply with his ridiculous whims.

“He has now, it seems, been engaged in some scuffles; see how his head bleeds! and he can scarcely walk. He is complaining loudly of his grievances and ill usage; but no body pities him, for they know he brings all his troubles on himself, by drowning his reason in liquor, and then giving way to passion.—See, my dear children, how miserable and contemptible a person makes himself by such conduct, and learn to check your youthful appetites and passions; for the disposition in a child to covet niceties for the palate, and to spend its little gains in purchasing them, will lead him, unless subdued, to downright gluttony and drunkenness in manhood. It may seem hard to you now to deny yourselves any little gratification; but I assure you, you would find it much harder to correct rooted habits and inclinations in maturer years; and on this account, as well as the good done by many pence, that would otherwise have been squandered away, I rejoice in the many plans of juvenile usefulness now adopted, such as little societies for

* Appendix, No. 10.

clothing the poor, and for assisting the funds of Bible and Missionary institutions. I believe many young people will have reason through life to be thankful for the habits of self-denial thus acquired."

Being now near tea-time, Mr. Hartley and his young companions hastened on. In passing the Star Inn, in the Corn Market, Maria Bentley exclaimed, "Oh, dear, what beautiful nosegays that old lady has in her basket! and what a singular looking old lady she is!" "Oh," said Samuel Hartley, "It is only *Mother Goose*,* she often sits there to sell her flowers; and there stands her husband, waiting to attend her ladyship home when she has sold them." "Yes," said Mr. Hartley, "this old woman is well known in Oxford, and is more politely called *Flora* by some of her customers; I suppose in honor of the fictitious heathen goddess so called, and said to preside over flowers. The old lady looks so spruce, and has so fine a cargo to-day, I should think she expects the arrival of some illustrious personage at the Star; she is acquainted with most of these, and is, in general, liberally repaid for her fragrant offerings. Her sight is dim, and on receiving any money in return for her flowers,

* Appendix, No. 11.



she generally answers the purchaser, ‘ Take what you please, Sir ; I can’t see what it is ; it is all very right ; God preserve your precious eyesight !’ Ah ! here is a servant in royal livery coming up ; most likely some of the family are about to pass through, and he comes to order horses. If agreeable to our good mammas, we will take our tea in the front room, and you will thus stand a good chance of being gratified with a sight of them.”

Having taken tea, and waited some time expecting the illustrious arrival, Mr. Hartley told them, that if they were inclined to relinquish the sight, as it was a leisure day with him, and the weather very pleasant, he would take them to see a few colleges in their immediate neighbourhood. To this proposal the children gladly assented, and were delighted to find that Mrs. Bentley and Mrs. Hartley proposed to accompany them. The first college they visited was Baliol, which stands on the north side of Broad Street. In the chapel they saw some fine paintings on glass, representing the Passion, Resurrection, and Ascension of Christ. They were also much pleased with the gardens, which, though small, are remarkably neat. On leaving this college, Mr. Hartley led the children to the middle of the road, opposite its gateway, and pointed

out to them a square stone, somewhat larger than those which form the pavement in general, which he told them was a memorial of the spot where the venerable Bishops Latimer and Ridley were burnt, in the reign of the Bloody Queen Mary, for their adherence to the pure doctrines of the Bible, and their rejection of popish superstition and error. It is recorded, that one of these eminent confessors exhorted the other to courage and constancy, saying, " Cheer up, Brother Ridley, we are this day lighting up such a candle in England, as, by the grace of God, shall never be put out ;" and his dying words have been verified. For though wicked men were permitted to take away the liberties and lives of the saints, they could not restrain the word of God. The blessed Bible has every day been taking a wider and a wider spread, till at length it gilds with a brighter lustre the palace of affluence, and sheds a ray of delight into the cottage of humble poverty. " Within my remembrance, a prison, called Boccardo, was still standing, in which these holy martyrs were confined, previous to their execution. The door of their dungeon was purchased by a venerable alderman of the city of Oxford, who caused it to be placed in the New City Gaol, with a suitable inscription ; above it are likenesses of those noble martyrs, burnt in wood by the present master of

University College ; and the whole is, in my opinion, though not the most splendid, one of the most estimable curiosities in Oxford. How thankful we ought to be for living in a day, when no law restricts us from reading the blessed Bible, and no punishment awaits our obedience to its dictates ! And how ought we to tremble at the idea of neglecting that sacred book, to perpetuate which to us, our forefathers passed through blood and flames ; from which *they* derived support and comfort in the most trying seasons ; and which is able to make *us* wise unto salvation, through faith, which is in Christ Jesus.”—The party next proceeded to Trinity College, which is to the east of Baliol. The appearance of this College to the street is elegant and beautiful ; the approach to it being so wide as to exhibit the whole of the chapel, in front of which is a grass plot, fenced from the street by a handsome iron palisade. The chapel is well worthy of notice ; the carvings of the screen and altar-piece are finely executed in cedar ; in the midst of a beautiful stucco ceiling is a painting of our Lord’s Ascension, done by an eminent French artist ; on one side of the altar is a stately tomb, on which are the figures of the founder (Sir Thomas Pope) and his lady, in alabaster, finely preserved.

The subject of the altar-piece is the Resurrec-

tion of our Saviour from the tomb, attended by an angel ; it is beautifully worked in worsted, by a young lady of Shiplake Hill, near Henley-upon-Thames, and was copied from a fine painting in Windsor Chapel ; it is so exquisitely finished, as to give all the effect and softness of a painting.

In the hall they saw some good paintings, and a curious desk and eagle wrought in brass, at which it is usual for the person to stand, who says grace before and after meat.

The gardens are retired, and prettily laid out ; some hedges of yew are cut in a curious manner, and an open iron gate at the end, gives a view of Wadham College. Mr. Hartley observed, that as it was his intention to visit that college, they would have been saved some steps if the gate had been unlocked : however, as that was not the case, they had better return contentedly by the way they came. As they again entered the street, Mr. Hartley pointed out to them a poor old man in the dress of a soldier, selling matches.* “ That,” said he, to the children, “ is one of the veterans, I believe the last survivor of those present at the death of the gallant General Wolfe, who lost his life in the victorious battle of Quebec.

* Appendix, No. 12.

It is very likely you have seen a fine copper-plate print, much esteemed, entitled ‘The Death of General Wolfe.’ In this picture all the characters are drawn from life, and among others, you may see *poor Jack the match-man*, leaning on his musket, and casting an anxious and affectionate eye towards his dying chieftain.” The party now proceeded to Wadham College, which is as uniform in its appearance as any in the University, never having undergone any alterations since its completion, above two hundred years ago.—In the niches of the portico leading to the hall, and which fronts the entrance of the college, are statues of King James the First, and of Nicholas and Dorothy Wadham, who founded it. The children were diverted at the antique appearance of their dress. Maria said, she thought they were a couple of frightful figures; but her mother told her that could *they* have seen a picture of a lady dressed in the present style, they would probably have been quite as much shocked at *her* appearance; and with much greater reason, “for,” said she, “whether or not the dress of Mrs. Dorothy, and the good ladies of her day, was becoming, at any rate it was not indecent;—fashions are continually varying: what one generation considers ornamental and graceful, the next may reject as superfluous and ridiculous; but modesty

and good humour are never out of fashion ; therefore, if we always array ourselves in a neat and modest manner, according to our situation in life, and always conduct ourselves with prudence and gentleness ; at whatever moment the painter or sculptor may chuse us for his subject, (which in our case will probably never occur) and transmit our likenesses to posterity, though succeeding generations may have adopted modes of dress, which they consider more graceful and elegant than ours, they can never, with any just reason call us ‘ frightful figures’.”—Mr. Hartley, in the mean time, had called on an acquaintance of his, who was engaged in the service of the college, and who kindly offered to conduct the strangers to take a view of its curiosities. He first led them to the hall, one of the largest in the University, and which is ornamented with some fine portraits. They next visited the library, which is neat, and contains an useful collection of books, and afterwards the spacious and handsome chapel, which has some fine monuments, and good paintings on glass. The east window is much admired ; the upper part represents the persons and events most strikingly typical of Christ ; and the lower, the most affecting passages in his history. Under this window is a painting on cloth, which is esteemed a great curiosity. The cloth is of an

ash colour; the shades are done with a brown crayon, and the light with a white one: these dry colours being pressed with hot irons, produce an oily moisture from the cloth, and are so incorporated into its texture and substance, as to become proof against a brush, or even the hardest touch.

The person who conducted the party through the college, having the care of the plate, kindly gratified the children with a sight of it. They were delighted at seeing so large a quantity together, as well as at the various shapes, workmanship, and date of the different articles; and would have prolonged their examination, but that Mr. Hartley reminded them they had still to see the gardens, and visit one or two more colleges, which would make it late for the walk to Headington. They accordingly hastened to the gardens, which are very pleasant and well arranged; and then, with many thanks for the kind attention they had received, took their leave.

While the children had been enjoying the beauties of the garden, Mrs. Hartley had prevailed on her friend to remain in Oxford that night, in order to afford more time for improving the leisure Mr. Hartley could so seldom command, for gratifying his young friends with a sight of the beauties of Oxford that yet remained. This arrangement left them at liberty to devote a little

more time that evening than they could otherwise have done; their next object was Brazen Nose College, which forms the west side of the Radcliffe Square. The children wished to know the reason of its singular name, which Mr. Hartley said he could not account for otherwise, than from its originally having a knocker of brass resembling a nose affixed to the gate, a similar appendage being still conspicuous over the portal. Over the door of the hall were shewn them two very ancient busts, the one of Alfred the Great, (justly called so, as being the patron of learning, virtue, and piety,) the other of the first lecturer in University Hall. On the scite of which this college was built, it is said that these busts were found in digging for the foundation of the college. In the centre of the quadrangle is a fine piece of sculpture, representing Cain and Abel. The chapel is admired for its neatness and simplicity. The east window is enriched with painted glass, which, when the light is favourable, may be seen to nearly as great an advantage outside as in.

Leaving Brazen Nose, they proceeded towards Lincoln College. In the High Street, Mr. Hartley bade the children notice a shabby looking man with a basket, the contents of which he was proclaiming for sale, in a cry, of which the close

only could be understood as describing his cakes to be "all sugar and brandy." "Then" said, Maria, "I am sure we must not buy any of them, even if we were hungry, for very sweet things decay our teeth and clog our stomachs; and brandy, I have heard papa say, is either a medicine or a poison." "It is most probable," said Mr. Hartley, "that little or none of these articles enter into the composition of *Tippetty Ward's* cakes. However, I believe they are not very tempting; but I wish to direct your attention not to his cakes, but his conduct; and to that, not as an example, but a warning. That man once possessed a comfortable competence, and by his own folly and extravagance has reduced himself to seek a mean and scanty subsistence by hawking about his basket of cakes. Frugality and moderation become persons in the greatest affluence, and are necessary to their own real enjoyment of what they possess, and to their usefulness towards others. Extravagant people often flatter themselves that they are very generous, but in reality they are very selfish. If this man had learnt, when he was young, to curb his own intemperate

* Appendix, No. 13.

desires, he might now have been respectable and useful; and the property which was soon squandered in extravagant indulgence, formed a permanent source of moderate gratification to himself, and real advantage to others.—Our party had by this time reached Lincoln College, in which the chapel is principally noticed. Although not so generally seen by strangers as some other chapels, there are in it many things worthy of particular observation. The screen is mentioned by Dr. Plott as a great curiosity; it is of cedar, finely carved. The windows are entirely of painted glass, of which there is a large one over the altar, and four lesser on each side. On one side are the twelve Apostles, and on the other twelve of the Prophets.

The large window over the altar contains the types and antitypes of our Saviour; to which Mr. Hartley bade the children pay particular attention; and Edward Bentley took down notes of the subjects in his pocket book, that he might take an opportunity at home of finding those passages in the holy scriptures to which they refer. In case the young reader, who may not have an opportunity of seeing these fine paintings, should wish to refer to the subjects of them in the Bible, they are as follow:—

- 1 { The Creation of Man in Paradise,—*Genesis*, Chap. 2.
- 1 { The Nativity of our blessed Saviour.—*Luke*, Chap. 2.
- 2 { The Israelites passing through the Red Sea.—*Exod.*, Ch. 14.
- 2 { Our Lord's Baptism.—*Matthew*, Chap. 3.
- 3 { The Jewish Passover.—*Exodus*, Chap. 12.
- 3 { The Institution of the Lord's Supper.—*Luke*, Chap. 22.
- 4 { The Brazen Serpent lifted up.—*Numbers*, 21.
- 4 { Our Lord's Crucifixion.—*John*, 19.
- 5 { Jonah delivered out of the Whale's belly.—*Jonah*, Ch. 2.
- 5 { Our Lord's Resurrection.—*Matthew*, 28.
- 6 { Elijah conveyed to Heaven in a Chariot of fire, *2 Kings*, 2.
- 6 { Our Saviour's Ascension.—*Acts*, 1.

Having admired these, the party next visited Jesus' College, which having been endowed by a Welshman (Dr. Hugh Price) is principally occupied by natives of Wales. The principal things that here attracted their attention were, a most magnificent piece of plate, which contains ten gallons, and weighs two hundred and seventy-eight ounces; and the statutes of the college beautifully written upon vellum by a former member of the society. A glance at Exeter College, the gardens of which are very pretty, finished the evening's circuit. The following day Mr. Rowden kindly offered his services to the young people for a morning's walk, and engaged the whole party to take dinner at his house. He proposed visiting the public buildings of the

University, and began with the Museum, which is situated on the south side of Broad Street. The iron pallisades which fence it form the street, and are continued in front of the Theatre, are strengthened by intermediate pillars of stone, each ornamented with a head of enormous size, and savage feature, which are designed to represent the twelve Cæsars. The Museum is a neat building, and is called the *Ashmolean* Museum, because a gentleman, named Ashmole, invited the University to erect it, engaging to deposit here all the valuable curiosities he had collected and purchased. Among these were many natural curiosities, coins, manuscripts, together with three gold chains of great value and curiosity. Here the children were delighted with the sight of a large magnet of an oval shape, 18 inches long, 12 wide, and which supports a weight of 145 pounds. The gentleman who shewed this building kindly permitted the pocket knives of each of the children to be rubbed on this magnet, by which they imbibed so much of its attractive virtue, as easily to draw up a needle or any small piece of steel. They saw also a very curious model of a ship; a picture of our blessed Saviour going to his crucifixion, composed of humming bird's feathers; An ancient piece of St. Cuthbert, made by order of

King Alfred, and many other curiosities of nature and art, too numerous to mention. Mr. Rowden told the children he hoped the sight would not only gratify but improve them. In natural curiosities you may trace, with grateful adoration, the wonderful works of nature's God; and in those of art, while you admire the skill and ingenuity with which it has pleased Him to endow man above every other creature, you may also learn the importance of application and perseverance in order to any work of magnitude and importance. "Without these," said he, "nothing truly great can be effected; and with these, no difficulties need intimidate, for every thing, within the power of man, may be effected by them." In this building are small libraries, where are separately deposited the curious manuscripts and other books. There is also the apparatus for the lectures in experimental philosophy, and another for those in chemistry.

Leaving the Museum, the party entered the Theatre, which is the next building. The children enquired whether plays were performed there? "No," replied Mr. Rowden, "yours is not an uncommon mistake: this building is designed for nobler purposes. The name of theatre was anciently applied to buildings devoted to the resort of legislative or judicatory assemblies, as

well as to public spectacles. The Greek and Roman amphitheatres (of which this is built in imitation) were principally occupied for the transacting public affairs of importance, and for political or literary declamations, for which those learned and patriotic people were so celebrated ; and the superb edifice we are now entering, not only preserves the resemblance of their form and manner of building, but of their design and appropriated use. Here are held public meetings, and transacted public acts of the University ; here are publicly recited particular performances, to which prizes have been adjudged ; an annual commemoration is held of benefactors to the University, and honorary or other degrees are publicly conferred. Indeed, I consider it almost an alienation of the name of theatre, although, in common acceptance, to apply it exclusively to a place of public amusement. The galleries, you observe, surround the interior of the theatre, which is in the form of a horse-shoe ; and when properly filled on the public day I have mentioned, it is supposed to contain about three thousand persons, and present an august appearance. In the centre of the semi-circle sits the chancellor or vice-chancellor ; on either side the noblemen and doctors, the proctors, and curators, all in their full robes ; the masters of arts in the

area ; bachelors and under graduates, in their respective habits in the upper gallery ; but the lower gallery is appropriated to ladies only. On each side is a pulpit ; one of which is occupied by the University orator, and the other in turns by the successful candidates for the prizes.

There is a portrait or two within, and a few fine statues on the outside ; but nothing more attracts the attention and admiration of visitors, than the beautiful cieling, which, like the rest of the building, imitates those of the ancients, which, being too large to be covered with lead or tile, had a covering of cloth strained over them, and supported by a cordage from pilaster to pilaster. In this, therefore, on the flat roof painted within, is a cord moulding gilded, which supports a great red drapery, supposed to have covered the roof, but thrown back to discover a fine allegorical assembly of the arts and sciences, at which truth presides, and banishes ignorance and error. This fine painting Mr. Rowden kindly explained to the children, telling them “ he hoped it would leave on their minds some idea of the nature of emblems in general, and more particularly strong impressions of the value, beauty, and importance of truth, wisdom, and virtue.” This reminded Edward of a pretty piece he had read on emblems, in a book he had

lately purchased with his pocket money, called "Evenings at Home," "which" he said, "helped him to understand a little the meaning of what he now saw;" and observed, "that he felt a particular pleasure, when any thing he saw seemed familiar to his mind by what he had read on the subject; or when he met with any thing in reading, to explain what he had seen." Mr. Rowden assented to his observation, and told him, "that to cultivate and exercise this disposition, was the way to become a good scholar and a wise man; while a person, who is too stupid or too indolent to attend to and consider either what he witnesses or what he reads, can never attain eminence or excellence in any pursuit whatever."

On quitting the Theatre they found Mr. Hartley's eldest son, who met them there to conduct them to the printing office, which the little Bentley's were very desirous of seeing, as they had no idea of the manner in which printing was performed. As most of my young readers are acquainted with the pleasing description of this valuable art, given in "The Book of Trades," it is not necessary here to detail it, but only to observe, that this office was erected with the profits arising from the sale of a book written by Lord Clarendon, the copy of which was given

to the University, and hence it is called the Clarendon Printing Office. It is a very elegant building; on the top are statues of the nine Muses, (well known to the readers of ancient mythology,) and over the south entrance is a statue of the Earl of Clarendon.

Here the children saw the printing of bibles, testaments, and common prayer books, which is carried on under the privilege and appointment of the University. Having here gratified their curiosity, Mr. Rowden reminded them they must not trespass on the young man's time, as that would be an injury to his employers; neither must they bestow too much time on one object, or they would not be able to accomplish all their intentions before their dinner-hour arrived. They therefore bade him good morning, and went next to the University library, called the Bodleian from Sir Thomas Bodley, its founder, which contains the greatest number of books of any library in Europe, except the Vatican; (upwards of three hundred thousand volumes,) many of them very valuable, curious, and rare. There is shewn the original warrant for the execution of King Charles the First; and Queen Elizabeth's missal or prayer book, finely illuminated; that is, ornamented with beautiful and durable borders round the leaves, finely coloured in a very curious manner, the art of which is now lost.

They were also delighted with a large book by Sir William Hamilton, giving an accurate account, illustrated by beautiful pictures, of the dreadful eruption of Mount Vesuvius in the year 1767, of which he was an eye witness. Also a splendid work, called "Buonaparte's Egypt," as it was written by his order, during his campaign in that country; for which purpose he took with him artists of every description, to compile a copious and particular account of all its natural productions, arts, manners, customs, and history. In this are some beautiful drawings of birds, so accurately designed, and so highly finished, that the children could scarcely be convinced they were not feathers laid on the paper in the form of birds. These are not shewn to strangers in general, but Mr. Rowden, being acquainted with one of the gentlemen having the care of the library, procured the privilege for his young friends.* Under the same roof with the library is the picture gallery, with a sight of which they were also gratified. On the staircase is a noble painting of King John signing the Magna Charta, to which Mr. Rowden directed their attention, as one of the most important events in the English history, and he was pleased to find that his young friends among them could make out a tolerable account of it. There is

also a very ancient bird's-eye view of Oxford, which strikingly points out the improvement that time has made in the art of delineation. Among the pictures in the gallery, the children were most struck with the head of Dun Scotus, who made a vow that he would not eat or drink till he had completed a transcription of the Holy Scriptures, in which he was engaged, and who fell a sacrifice to his extravagant resolution, just as he had attained its object; and one of an eminent painter done by himself, when in a state of intoxication. "Well," said Edward, "we may say this is *frightful*; and if ever I should live to be a man, and be persuaded to drink more than would do me good, I hope the remembrance of that man's wild disordered look, will effectually *frighten* me from following his example." There too they saw the painting of General Wolfe, which Mr. Hartley had mentioned to them; in which they traced an accurate likeness of Jack the Match-man; nor did they forget to enquire after the renowned Cat on the cieling, which stares at you, look which way you will, which was pointed out to them; and near it a beautiful piece called "The School of Athens," in which are depicted the most celebrated ancient philosophers, surrounded by their disciples. But they were most of all delighted with some fine large

paintings called the Cartoons, lately presented by the Duke of Marlborough. They are admirable copies from the originals in Windsor Castle, done by the celebrated Raphael. They are all scriptural subjects, and the painter's art in the different casts of countenance wonderfully impresses on the mind, the sentiments of which the Sacred History is designed to convey, though the whole paintings are almost too near to be seen to advantage. Descending from the picture gallery, they stood awhile contemplating the noble quadrangular building, (of which it is a part) called the schools. In these, Mr. Rowden informed them, the gentlemen performed exercises in the different sciences, in order to obtaining their degrees. Yonder is the *clerk of the schools*,* whose office it is to take care of the buildings, to open them when necessary, and to give notice when the time appointed for exercises is expired. You see he has on his arm a bundle of hoods, with which he accommodates gentlemen to appear in the schools; he has also the care of the *Arundle marbles* and *Pomfret statues*, which are shewn to strangers; but I think they will not be interesting to you, though they are highly ad-

* See Appendix, No. 14.

mired by connoisseurs; we will therefore pass on to see the beautiful library, called the Radcliffe, after its founder. It is a most elegant building. The cupola at the top reminded the children of Saint Paul's Church in London. The interior of the building is exceedingly beautiful, but it is not very abundantly stocked with books. There are a pair of Roman candlesticks, of exquisite workmanship, given to the University by Sir Roger Newdigate. They were found in the ruins of the emperor Adrian's palace at Rome. This fine building, Mr. Rowden informed the children, had been lately fitted up as a banquetting room, on occasion of the royal visit in 1814, when the Prince Regent, the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, and many other persons of distinction, both Englishmen and foreigners, dined with the University. It was a very grand sight, which thousands of persons, from all quarters, assembled to witness. From the leads of this lofty building the children enjoyed a most extensive and beautiful prospect of Oxford and the surrounding country. Maria felt somewhat terrified at looking down so far on the world below; but Mr. Rowden assured her it was perfectly safe, being surrounded by a substantial stone parapet of considerable height, and as all his little party were steady and orderly, he felt no fear

for their safety. On descending from thence Mr. Rowden proposed taking a view of St. Mary's, the University Church, where he supposed the service was nearly over; before they reached it, they met the Vice Chancellor and Proctors coming out of church, attended by six beadles, with their staves of office; about whom, as soon as they were passed, the children began making several inquiries. "What curious silk hats," said Maria, "are worn by those gentlemen with the silver mace; do not you think they are a little like those worn by the beef-eaters in the Tower of London? And how very grand that gentleman appears with his scarlet hood, and those with their velvet sleeves. Don't you remember Miss Hartley told us about it the first day we came to Oxford?"

"But pray, Sir," asked Edward, "why had that person a gown, but no cap, whom you said had the care of those statues in the schools? How very odd it looks to see a person with a hat and gown!" "I really cannot exactly answer your question any more than that it is the usual garb of his office. The person who formerly shewed the statues was much more singular in his appearance. I do think I have got a sketch of him at home, which I will shew you." "What a number of curious characters you have about

Oxford, Sir !" said Edward. " You have not seen them all yet, my boy," replied Mr. Rowden, " nor indeed are there so many now, as I remember a few years back. A young man who was visiting at my house amused himself by sketching most of them. This afternoon you may, if you please, look them over."

They now entered St. Mary's, which is a handsome gothic structure ; it consists of three aisles, and a large chancel, and is capable of containing a vast number of persons. There they were shewn the seats occupied by the gentlemen according to their different degrees ; and Mr. Rowden observed, that he could not conceive a more interesting spectacle, than so large a building well filled with devout worshippers, and auditors, attentive to wholesome instructions. As the children seemed very desirous of understanding the monumental inscriptions, which in the church are numerous and elegant, Mr. Rowden kindly assisted Edward in interpreting those which are in Latin, and they would probably have staid there contentedly all day ; but that Mr. Rowden reminded them the dinner-hour was drawing on, and he still wished to conduct them to the Botanical Gardens, which are situated at the bottom of the High Street. " Leaving St. Mary's, there," said he, " pointing to a short stout figure

of a gown's-man, there is as curious a character as any you have seen. He calls himself *the Principal** of a college, which for some years has had neither principal nor members. His sentiments and conduct are as singular as his appearance; he is out very early to day; for in general, I am informed, he does not rise till two o'clock. Towards night he takes his dinner, and goes to bed at break of day." "There is a curious looking man, Sir, that we often meet going to and from Headington; he is very tall, and walks very fast; he carries a reaping-hook, (I think mamma said it was) in his hand. Sometimes he begins talking to us, as if he was crazy, and behaves very rude. I do think mamma was almost frightened at him yesterday, don't you, Edward?" "Yes, that she was; but some gentleman came in sight, and then she did not care; but I really do not like the looks of him." "I think," said Mr. Rowden, "I know who you mean. You will most likely find his likeness in my friends portfolio."†

"Do you know a little old beggar woman in St. Clement's, Sir? She runs slipshod after the gentlemen, with a parcel of little ragged, dirty

* Appendix, No. 15.

† Appendix, No. 16.

children behind her, and goes on saying, ‘Yes Sir, if you please, Sir; if it is but one haa-penny, Sir’.”

“Oh, yes, my dear, I know her,” answered Mr. Rowden, “*you mean Hannah Vallis.** I have often been shocked to see those poor little ragged objects brought up in filth and vice, and wished it was in my power to rescue them; but the parents themselves are so ignorant and depraved, they do not set any value on the offers that have often been made to instruct their children in religion, morality, or decency. There,” said Mr. Rowden, “is a well known character, the city Marshal.† He struts about in his laced hat and coat, and carries his wand with as much consequence as if he fancied himself the Mayor. I am not acquainted with any particulars of his history; but merely know him, as I suppose every person in Oxford does, by his appearance.”

“Ha!” said Edward, “we are coming to my favourite college; but I hope, Sir, it is not your intention to take us there now, as I am sure our dear mamma would like to see it?” “No, my dear; I merely intend your viewing the Botanical Garden, as that perhaps would be too much fa-

*Appendix, No. 17.

† Appendix, No. 18.

tigue for your mamma ; but if it is agreeable to her to take a walk in the afternoon, I have made arrangements for conducting you all to Magdalen, University, Queen, and All Soul's Colleges, which are all near together, and all well worthy of observation." "Oh, thank you, Sir, thank you." "How very kind you are," said Maria. "I am sure, Sir, if ever you come to London, our dear papa would be very glad to see you ; and would take you to see the Tower, and St. Paul's, and Westminster Abbey, and every thing in London that you would like to see. We live in Bishopsgate Street, Sir." Mr. Rowden smiled at the hearty frankness and simplicity of his little friend, and assured her, he should accept her invitation whenever he next visited London, which he was in the habit of doing once or twice a year ; "but," said he, "I hope to have the pleasure of first seeing your good father at my house. I understand your mamma expects to see him before she leaves Oxford ?"

"Yes, Sir, we expect papa the end of this week, or beginning of next, and then we shall return with him to London ; and I hope, Sir, we shall never forget all the kindness you have shewn us during our stay here."

In the garden, the children were delighted with a choice collection of plants and flowers,

all arranged in their proper classes, and numbered. In the green-houses they saw a vast collection of tender plants, the most uncommon and remarkable which the gardener, who attended them kindly pointed out, and told them their names. Adjoining one of the green-houses is a beautiful parlour, in which are many choice and valuable books for the use of the professor in botany. A gentleman belonging to the garden, who was acquainted with Mr. Rowden, having seen him enter, joined the party in their walk through, and explained many things ; as he observed that the children walked quietly along the paths, and carefully guarded their clothes from brushing against any of the plants ; also that they took notice of what they saw, and were thankful for information, he took a key out of his pocket, and opening the door of the parlour abovementioned, invited them to walk in, and take a view of its curiosities, an indulgence very rarely granted. Here they saw some most beautiful drawings of plants and flowers, finely coloured, and many other curiosities. Some of which were given by Dr. Sherard, who brought from Smyrna a valuable collection of plants ; and others by Dr. Sibthorpe, the late proprietor, who resided several years in the east, and enriched the collection with many new articles. In the

hot-house, they were shewn the manner of managing many tender plants, which are there raised and brought to great perfection; and in a dark shady part of the garden they saw a hawk and kite, both of them birds of which they had often heard much, but never had seen either of them; they are kept there for the purpose of destroying the vermin and small birds that would injure the productions of the garden.—The party now returned, highly gratified, and found dinner quite ready, and their friends assembled at Mr. Rowden's. After dinner, Mr. Rowden performed his promise, and lent Edward the portfolio which contained his friend's drawings of Oxford characters, with which all the children were most pleased; they found there, all of those which had been already pointed out to them, and several others, whom they afterwards saw, and acknowledged them to be striking likenesses. Also a few whom Mr. Rowden informed them were since dead. Among these was *Funny George*,* who, accordingly to his name, was an abundant source of fun and merriment to the young gentlemen; his phiz bore a striking resemblance to a pair of nutcrackers;

* Appendix, No. 19.

so much so, that it was a common practice with him to draw his under lip completely over the tip of his nose ; a feat which he at all times readily performed for the moderate compensation of one halfpenny. At the time spencers first came in vogue, and began to be worn only by elderly gentlemen in the University, some of the younger ones, in contempt of which they then considered a ridiculous innovation in dress, but which it is probable many of them afterwards adopted, had a spencer manufactured of the coarsest materials, which they prevailed on Funny George to wear, in sight of those gentlemen who had adopted the new fashion. Many droll anecdotes are related of this illustrious personage, and it will be many years before he is altogether forgotten in the University. Another of the drawings was *Dan Stewart*,* an active man among game, fish, &c. which he could readily supply, on the slightest hint; his principal employment was in attending gentlemen of the University in their parties of pleasure on the water, when he furnished fishing tackle for their use. I have heard it observed, that on these occasions he was as remarkably successful in directing his company to places per-

* Appendix, No. 20.

fectly free from fish of any size, as he was in securing them when he went out alone and on his own account; he has left a brother, who pursues his old occupation with equal celebrity and success. Another was *Old Joey, the Blind Fidler*;* and another, *the Chelsea Bun Man*†; but before Edward had nearly examined all the contents of the portfolio, Mr Rowden having proposed to the ladies the walk he mentioned to the children in the morning, and it being considered best to go before tea, the ladies were soon equipped, and the children summoned. Edward left his pictures with some regret, which Mr. Rowden observing, kindly told him he should have another opportunity of inspecting them. As they intended to visit Magdalen Water walks, which are most pleasant in the heat of the day, it was thought best to make that the first object. They passed through the cloisters into a court where the new buildings stand, which are elegant and pleasant; their windows look into a beautiful grove, belonging to the college, in which are about forty head of deer. The whole has a most pleasing appearance, and it is in contemplation to pull down the old hall adjoining, called Magdalen

* Appendix, No 21.

† Appendix, No. 22.

Hall, and by laying its ground into the park, make it open to the street, which will be a wonderful improvement; the Water Walk surrounds a pleasant meadow, and is itself surrounded by branches of the river Cheswell. In passing round them a variety of pleasing objects attract the eye. On the west is a beautiful opening, made into the grove by removing the embattled wall on that part. A little further on, Holywell Mill is seen, and the hoarse murmurs of the water, break the pensive stillness that surrounds. Beyond, a pleasant view is obtained of St. Clement's, and the back of Headington Hill; from the opposite side of the walk, the college forms a pleasing object; and on the south side, the bridge. On the whole, the party was delighted with the walk. On returning through the cloisters, Mr. Rowden shewed them some curious hieroglyphics that ornament its interior, which, from the account given in a Latin manuscript, belonging to the college, appear to convey ideas of the duties of a college governor, in exercising authority and discipline with prudence, firmness, and gentleness; and those of the students in diligence, sobriety, temperance, purity, subordination, courage, and perseverance. On entering the anti-chapel, they were struck with its solemn grandeur and pleasing gloom. The west window is admirably painted in *claro ob-*

scuro. It represents the Last Judgment, and the longer and more closely it is observed, the greater beauties it will discover ; on either side are beautiful windows, painted in a kind of copper colour, the one represents John the Baptist, and the other Mary Magdalen ; beside the figure in full length, the window contains a design of the most striking incident recorded of each of these saints, in connection with our blessed Lord. John the Baptist is represented as baptizing Christ, and Mary Magdalen as meeting him after his resurrection ; the other windows have figures of saints or benefactors to the college. The altarpiece is on the same subject as the west window, the General Judgment ; the design of this is considered admirable, but for want of an easy and natural manner of placing the figures, as well as of better colouring, the whole has a crude and unfinished appearance. Underneath is an admirable picture of our Saviour bearing the Cross, said to be the production of Guido, a celebrated Italian master. This chapel has an excellent organ, and a peal of ten bells of most soft and delightful tone, probably assisted by their nearness to the water. As they looked up, admiring the fine tower, Mr. Rowden informed them of a curious custom in this city, that on the morning of May-day, the choristers assemble on the tower at

five o'clock, and sing a Latin hymn. On this occasion he observed, they were sometimes very riotous and troublesome, it being their custom to call each other by blowing horns, the neighbourhood was frequently kept awake by these noisy instruments the whole night before. On the whole, the party were as much delighted with this college as any they had seen, excepting New College, which is generally allowed to *bear the bel.*—They next proceeded to University College, on the south side of the High Street. This college has lately undergone great alterations, and received great improvements, dictated by the taste of the present Master. The windows of the chapel are of fine old painted glass, done by Abraham Van Linge. The subjects are partly imaginary, but connected with sacred history. One window is occupied with different supposed scenes in the life of Adam and Eve. The party were much diverted with their conductress, who, on pointing out these designs, constantly referred them for her authority to the *Death of Abel*, a work of fiction, translated from the German of the celebrated Gesner. “There, gentlemen and ladies,” she would say, “is Eve collecting her first flock of sheep, *as you read in the Death of Abel*; and there are Cain and Abel playing together in their childhood, *as the Death of Abel tells*

us." "I hope," whispered Mr. Rowden, "this good woman is as well acquainted with her Bible as she is with the Death of Abel, and as careful to try her faith, and regulate her life by its precepts, as she is to explain the subjects of the windows by the Death of Abel." On the opposite side of the chapel is a painted window, which much pleased the children. The subject is Christ at the house of Lazarus; Mary sitting at his feet to hear his words; and Martha, too much cumbered in making a feast for the entertainment of her honoured guest. The form and furniture of a house in the eastern countries and ancient times, and the dress and employment of the mistress in a family of distinction, excited their attention, and gratified their curiosity. In this chapel they saw some very beautiful specimens of carving in wood, particularly on the screen, which is richly adorned with Corinthian pillars; beautiful festoons of fruit and flowers, and other ornaments. The altar-piece is finely burnt in wood, and presented by the present master. Its subject is, our Lord breaking the bread: it is copied from a very celebrated painting, and it is astonishing to say, that this peculiar art conveys all the grace and expression that can be met with in the most finished painting.

In the anti-chapel is a fine monument to the memory of *Sir William Jones*, one of the Judges

of the supreme Court of Bengal, and formerly a fellow of this college. In the lower part of this monument is represented Sir William Jones making the translation, and digesting a code of Hindoo, laws from the *vidas*, or sacred books, which the Bramins are reading to him.

This led to conversation on the deplorable state of the subjects of Hindoo superstition, who submit to, and practice, the most horrid impurities and cruelties, supposing they do God service. "I trust," said he, "that the influence which Britain has obtained over that vast territory in the east, will be made a means of restraining their horrid practices; such as burning of widows with the dead bodies of their husbands; exposing or murdering their female infants; and others equally odious and criminal; and of conveying to those poor perishing heathens, the gospel of the true God, and Jesus Christ whom he has sent, whom to know is life eternal."

The party now left the chapel, and visited the hall and common room of this college, where they saw a fine bust of King Alfred, its original founder. Edward said, "he remembered reading that Alfred, bitterly lamenting the deficiencies of his own early education, resolved to promote that of others; in order to which he founded the University of Oxford, and invited scholars from

all parts of Europe, to furnish instruction to those who should seek it. I suppose, Sir, this is the oldest college in Oxford?"

"No," answered Mr. Rowden, "far from it; there is no part of its buildings that can lay any claim to great antiquity. King Alfred, in the year 872, certainly erected some halls in Oxford for the habitation of students, on or near the spot where this college stands, and furnished a maintenance for them, issuing from the Exchequer; but none of his old building or endowment remains. The first that can be traced is in the year 1219, since which it has received such alterations and augmentations in its buildings and revenues, as scarcely permit it to be called the same institution; and it is probable that the most ancient of the buildings now standing are not above four hundred years old. The most ancient building in any of the colleges, I believe, is in Oriel, which you have not seen, but which is well worth notice: we must contrive for you to have a sight of it." Mrs. Hartley thanked Mr. Rowden for his great attention to her friends, and said, "that Mr. Hartley had engaged to take the children to Oriel and Merton Colleges, as he had the means of access to both, being acquainted with the persons who have the charge of them."

Crossing the road, they entered Queen's College, which has a remarkably light and elegant appearance. In the High Street, over the gate, is a statue of Queen Caroline, under a cupola supported by pillars. The chapel is a fine building. In the arched roof is a piece of painting by Sir James Thornhill; the windows are beautifully painted; that over the altar is the Nativity of our Saviour, under which is another painting on the same subject, which is reckoned very fine; two of the side windows represent the ascension, and two others, the last Judgment. All the remaining windows are of old glass, remarkable for the liveliness of their colour, which gave to the whole a very gay and attractive appearance. The hall is a large room ornamented with portraits of the founder and principal benefactors; in a new one, lately added, the little Bentleys instantly recognized her present majesty, Queen Charlotte, whom they had more than once seen in London.—The cloth was spread for dinner, and the party were much gratified by viewing the room from an opening in the gallery over the west cloister, whence were seen, to advantage, the beautiful marble chimney-piece, the elegant chandeliers, and the rich display of plate on the table, which, however, the attendant told them fell far short of the display on

gaudy or feast days. They had scarcely left the gallery when a trumpet sounded, and instantly gentlemen were seen flocking in the hall from all quarters of the college. This, Mr. Rowden informed them, was the usual signal for dinner; he also mentioned to them some other singular customs of the college. On Christmas day, a boar's head is, with great solemnity and state ushered into the common hall or refectory, with a celebrated monkish song. And on New year's day the Bursar of the college gives to every member a needle and thread, addressing him in these terms, "*Take this and be thrifty.*" It has been observed, that probably this custom has some reference to the name of the founder, Robert *Egglesfield*, which was, perhaps, a corruption of the French words *aiguille et fil*, *needle and thread*. Maria thought it very ridiculous to give needles and thread to men, who never use them; and that a book or mathematical instrument would have been a more proper memorial of their founder's intention. "These ancient customs," said Mr. Rowden, "cannot often be satisfactorily accounted for; however, I assure you, that to a thrifty young man in college, a needle and thread is by no means such useless implements as you may suppose, at a distance from a kind mother or sister, who watches every

little crack, and sets 'a stitch in time to save nine'; if, upon every little flaw in his coat or gown, a tailor is consulted, to remedy the old store, or to furnish a new one, it is more than probable, that his 'uncouth bill' will entrench on the fund that ought to have been devoted to books, or other literary helps:—care and economy are never unbecoming; and so far from considering as mean and degrading those *petty savings*, as they are often termed, I have always observed that the disposition in a young man, possessing but twenty-five or thirty pounds a year, to *make* it do, has been a surer prognostication of future excellence and eminence, than the *bold, noble, generous* spirit, that would prompt his equal to dash through five hundred.

This brings to my mind, though not at all connected with the Queen's needle and thread, anecdotes which are well authenticated, and which redound much to the honor of two highly distinguished characters in the church, who rose to their eminent stations solely by their own merit. The one of them was a servitor of Christ Church;—a situation, to which there was formerly some menial offices attached, but which the good sense and liberality of recent governors have done away. As they are placed on the same footing, in point of education, with the highest member of the foundation, all other distinctions, which

might be felt degrading, are laid aside, and the only difference is, that they are not permitted to wear a tassel in their caps. The young man in question, having, by his literary attainments, attracted considerable notice among his superiors in the University, who would frequently invite him to spend an evening in their rooms, and assist and encourage his pursuits, on these occasions only he sighed for the unallowed tassel ;— and having at length procured an old one, when going into a party, he would first call on an old woman in the neighbourhood, and request her to pin it on to his cap ; the student rose to eminence and affluence, and the old woman's services were never forgotten. *His Grace* never afterwards visited Oxford, without making her a handsome present, which he would facetiously call *pin money*.

The other anecdote, to which I referred, is of a contemporary student of the gentleman I have just mentioned, and was also placed in a low station in the University. On receiving an invitation to meet some gentlemen, whose notice he had attracted by his genius and industry, he felt some hesitation in accepting it, from a consciousness that his thread-bare knees would expose his poverty, and perhaps defeat the hopes he had entertained of obtaining patronage and assistance ; he had not in his purse the sum necessary for equipping himself, and he was unused to the too

fashionable practice of running in debt. After mature deliberation, he resolved to call on a respectable tradesman in the line, and stating his case, requested, as a favour, that he would supply his wants, and wait for payment till a given time, when he hoped it would be in his power to render it. With this the tradesman readily complied ; the money was punctually paid, and the young man, whose income and influence rapidly increased during his residence at Oxford, constantly dealt with his old friend, and recommended many other customers. Years elapsed, and the tradesman, who, in the decline of life, had but a very scanty maintenance, having heard from time to time of his customer's rapid advancement, resolved to take a journey to London, and plead an old assurance he had received, that if ever time and circumstances put it in his power, he should rejoice to be serviceable to one, whose kindness he could never forget. On sending up his name, he was immediately introduced to the bishop's presence, who cordially shook hands with him, and related the circumstance to a party of friends present. The bishop insisted on his staying to dinner, and, in the course of the evening, having drawn from him some account of his circumstances, he made him an offer of a place in the Charter House, which

was at his disposal, and which was of course readily accepted, as furnishing a comfortable asylum, and provision for his remaining days.

On entering All Soul's College, which was their next object, a sun-dial was pointed out of peculiar construction, contrived by that ingenious architect, Sir Christopher Wren, when fellow of the college; they then proceeded to the chapel, with which the whole party were delighted. It is perfectly neat and elegant, yet has much less of ornament about it than many of the other college chapels, yet, in the opinion of most intelligent observers, a place of devotion, like real beauty,

“ Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,

“ But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.”

The altar-piece is of a beautiful clouded marble; over it is a painting representing the assumption of the founder. There are also two elegant vases, one on each side of the altar, on the lower part of which is represented the institution of the two ordinances. Over the Communion table is a beautiful painting, the subject of which is, Christ's first appearance to Mary Magdalen after his Resurrection. The colouring of this piece is exquisite; and the expression of

the different countenances is very striking. The majestic condescension and mild composure in the countenance of the Saviour, is finely contrasted by the ecstasy of joy and astonishment which appears on the face of Mary.

The Library is a magnificent gallery, newly erected, and, from the elegance of the room, and the choiceness of the collection, consisting greatly of scarce and foreign books, it is esteemed one of the best libraries in Oxford. It is adorned with busts of many distinguished persons, formerly fellows of this society ; and here is shewn a fine orrery, which shews at once the motion of the Earth, Sun, Moon, and other heavenly bodies, with which the children were astonished and delighted. In the hall they saw a fine piece, representing the finding of the law, and King Josiah rending his clothes, from 2 Kings, xxii. 11 ; also a fine statue of that firm, humane, and intelligent administrator of justice, Judge Blackstone, who was a member of the college. " There is a curious custom in this college," said Mr. Rowden, " as indeed most of them have some peculiar custom of their own. They call it celebrating the Mallard night ; it is kept on the 14th of January, in remembrance of an excessive large mallard or drake, supposed to have long ranged in a drain or sewer, where it was found at the digging for

the foundation of the college, and was considered as a favourable omen of its future prosperity. It is the cause of much mirth on the day. A merry old song, in remembrance of the mallard, set to ancient music, is always performed, and ‘the feast ate merrily’.—On leaving All Soul’s College, Mr. Rowden bade them observe the two beautiful gothic towers which grace its west front, which are occupied very nearly to the top, and from their great height, have often been known to shake in a high wind. The same has also been observed of St. Mary’s spire, and as it was even considered dangerous, it has lately been repaired in order to prevent its rocking.

“Well, young people,” asked Mr. Rowden, “are you not tired by seeing fine sights one after another, in such rapid succession? they must lose their interest.” Maria said she was not at all tired, but should like to go on seeing fine sights from morning till night; Jane Hartley said she was not tired, but she was hungry; Samuel was much pleased at what he had now seen, having once or twice before had an opportunity of visiting the same objects; he thought he could admire their principal beauties more than when he was first struck with their novelty; and Edward owned that he really had seen quite as much as he wished to see in one day. “Sir,”

said he to Mr. Rowden, "if it would not seem like slighting your great kindness in conducting us to these different places, I really should speak my mind, and say that I expect still greater pleasure at some future time, in looking over my memorandums, and comparing them with any account I may meet with in print, or the description some other person may give of them." "You speak very rationally," replied Mr. Rowden, "and so far from being offended, I assure you I am much more pleased in the idea of having furnished you with a permanent source of rational gratification, than with that of overwhelming your minds with momentary astonishment and admiration; and to assist your future soliloquies on what you have here seen, I shall beg your acceptance of my friend's portfolio of Oxford characters, from which, as the back ground of each represents some public building or particular view, you will be able to collect a tolerable sketch of Oxford."—On their arrival at Mr. Rowden's house, Edward with joy and gratitude received his treasure, and immediately wrote his name in it as the gift of his honored friend, Mr. Rowden, who also presented each of the other children with a small book. Samuel Hartley had "Buds of Genius"; Jane, "Original Poems," 2 vols; and Maria, "True Stories of Children."

As the time of their stay became short, papa being expected on Saturday, and their return fixed for Tuesday or Wednesday, Mrs. Hartley once more prevailed on her friend to sleep in Oxford, that Mr. Hartley might give the children a morning walk before the business of the day came on.

They accordingly took an early breakfast, and set out. Their first object was Worcester College, to which they passed through Friar's Entry, where formerly stood a priory or monastery, and along Gloucester Green, a large square, in the centre of which is the city prison. Worcester College has a neat and elegant appearance, and is very pleasantly situated just above the river Isis, and the meadows. The library, hall, chapel, and gardens are all remarkably neat; but what principally excites attention is the singular appearance of the buildings: on one side being modern and elegant; and on the other, resembling a row of detached tenements, of ancient date, each of which is adorned with the arms of the gentleman who erected and first inhabited them. They next visited the wharf, where the children were surprized and pleased at seeing the vast quantities of coal neatly piled. "Your coal," said Edward, "appears very different from what we burn in London." "Yes,"

replied Mr. Hartley, "you burn sea coal in London; ours is brought by canals from the pits in Staffordshire and adjacent counties." "Do you mean, Sir, that our coals are got out of the sea?" "No, my dear," replied Mr. Hartley, "but merely that it is conveyed to London by sea; there are ships kept constantly employed in its conveyance from Newcastle, which is, I believe, the principal colliery in England; and formerly, even the inland counties were supplied with it by land carriage from London, which made it extremely expensive; but since the working of mines in the inland counties, great part of England is supplied from their collieries by canal conveyance, by which means that very useful article of consumption is obtained at a much more moderate rate."—On leaving the wharf, the children enquired what beautiful place presented itself to their view? A very steep mount covered with trees. "It looks," said Edward, "almost like mount Parnassus, only it wants the temple of Fame at the top." "That ground," said Mr. Hartley, "belongs to a temple, if I may so call it, of a very different nature; it is Oxford Castle, or county gaol; it is well worth inspection, and as I have some acquaintance with the gaoler, we will call and request him to indulge you with the sight." This request

was readily complied with, and the party much pleased with a very neat garden, and with the general order and cleanliness that prevailed in this melancholy place. They particularly admired a very neat chapel, where the prisoners regularly attend divine service ; the children requested permission to visit the mount, which they had so much admired, which being granted they climbed the steep ascent by a serpentine walk, and found their labour abundantly repaid in the beautiful prospect they enjoyed from its summit.

Mr. Hartley informed them of a very melancholy event which occurred on that spot in the year 1813. A party of friends, who made a visit of curiosity to the castle, were particularly desirous of exploring this part of the place, concerning which many traditions exist ; for that purpose they procured the key of a room or rooms which are formed under this mount, and proceeded to examine them ; they had understood that in some part of the building was a well ; and were warning each other against it, as they were not aware of the precise spot ; when, melancholy to relate, the foremost of the party, a most amiable and excellent young man, having reached it ere he was aware, was instantly precipitated into it, a depth of twenty-two feet. Assistance was promptly afforded, which forti-

tude and presence of mind, his characteristic qualities, enabled him to avail himself of, and he was soon extricated from his perilous and distressing situation, and conveyed home ; his anxious family, for a while indulged the hope that some fractures in the limbs were his only injury ; and as they appeared to go on favourably, that this life would be yet spared as a blessing to them, and an ornament to society : but, alas ! their hopes were frustrated ; some internal injury had been received, which in about ten days proved fatal to one, whose conduct through life had secured the goodwill and esteem of all who knew him, and whose steady course of humble piety, left his afflicted friends in possession of the only solid alleviation of their affliction, a well-grounded hope that their loss was his unspeakable gain.

From the castle, Mr. Hartley led his young party through St. Thomas's Parish, a part which they had not before seen. Its church gives it the appearance of a country village, with which they were much pleased. Brewer's Lane, through which they entered St. Aldate's Street, Mr. Hartley informed them, was once the scene of dreadful confusion and bloodshed. In the infancy of the University, when great ignorance and contempt of learning prevailed among persons in general in the middle and lower classes of life, and when

the University was not, as at present, kept distinct from the city, continual jealousies, bickerings, and scuffles arose between the members of the University and the citizens. In the year 1208, there were dreadful riots, whereas many gown's-men were most scandalously ill treated, and several lost their lives. In Brewer's Lane, a regular battle was fought, in which were slain about forty persons, principally members of the University. The government of the nation then interfered to put a stop to these dreadful proceedings, and established the University in the quiet enjoyment of their chartered privileges. Since which time it is an annual custom for the mayor of the city to go to St. Mary's Church, in the month of January, with a rope round his neck, and make some prescribed submission to the representatives of the University. As an expiation or acknowledgment of the crime of the ancient citizens, it is now a mere matter of form, and a silken cord is substituted.

"Oh, do look, Sir," said Maria; "did you ever see such a curious sight? A man carrying crutches, and walking well without their help." "Ah, 'tis the *Draper's son*,* poor creature," replied Mr. Hartley; "it is melan-

* Appendix, No. 23.

choly to see a man once possessed of a splendid fortune, reduced to accept an asylum in the general receptacle of poverty, owing entirely to his own dissipation and extravagance. The father of that man, was *the* Linen Draper of Oxford ; having no rival in the trade, he was so completely independent, that if a customer came into the shop at his dinner-hour, he was desired to call again ; and during his annual journey to London to make purchases, the shop was always shut up a week till his return ! Times are altered now ; for polite active gentlemen in this line of business are planted in Oxford as thick as bees in a hive, yet they all seem to obtain custom and a good livelihood ; not quite so great, I suppose, as his who held the sway unrivalled and alone. His son, as you may observe, amidst all his poverty, retains a clean and genteel appearance, with the threadbare, but decent remains of clothes that *were* the best of their kind, and his manners are exceedingly polite. From what cause his lameness proceeds I don't know ; but it certainly has a very singular appearance to see him with apparent difficulty hobbling along only by the help of his crutches, and then, as it were, recollecting himself, tucking them under his arm, and setting off a quick pace without any assistance. " Pray, Sir," said Edward, " do you

know that poor man who just passed us? I think his likeness is in the portfolio of drawings Mr. Rowden was so kind as to give me." "I did not notice his countenance," replied Mr. Hartley, "but most likely I know him if he is an Oxford man." "Oh, papa," said Samuel, "I saw him; it was *Frank, the music tuner*."* "Ah, so it is, sure enough," replied Mr. Hartley, "I dare say you have him in your collection; he is a well-known character among the gentlemen of the University. Poor fellow, it is said that in his younger days he met with a disappointment in love, to which is ascribed his simplicity and singularity. Among many droll anecdotes that are related of him, I recollect his being employed by a gentleman of New College, to tune his harpsichord, during which operation, he happened to drop one of the keys, and after searching a little while for it, he very deliberately walked down stairs, left the college, and proceeded to a house at the bottom of the High Street, went into the parlour and raked out the fire; the mistress of the house, on hearing the noise, hastened to the room, and enquired into the reason of his strange conduct. 'Why, madam,' replied Bunce, very leisurely, 'I am looking among your cinders for a key of Mr.

* Appendix No. 24.

H——'s harpsichord, which I have just lost up in his room!"—But yonder is an Oxford character, who has travelled her daily round for above thirty years past, and, just now, I think you will consider the meeting with her very seasonable; having breakfasted so early, you will have no objection to taste the wholesome contents of her basket." The young party willingly made up to the *old cake-woman*,* and each having lightened her basket of a nice bun, she bade them good morning, and slipped on with her usual shrill cry, "Any cakes and rolls, muffins and crumpets." "Well," said Mr. Hartley, "shall we go through Christ Church College, or a part of the wide walk? There is no great difference in the distance, our next object being Merton College." The children all agreed in their preference of the wide walk; on entering which they were surprised to see a singular looking person, dressed in a cap and gown of shabby appearance, an enormous curled wig and band, haranguing in a wild incoherent manner. They forbore to ask any questions till they had passed him, when Mr. Hartley informed them that this person was once, for a short time, a member of the University, but in consequence of mental derangement his college was obliged to dismiss him. "However," said

* Appendix, No. 25.

he, " he still retains his academic habits, and fancies himself a person of great learning and consequence! he calls himself a *counsellor*,* on which account he carries that large wig in his pocket, and if any occasion arises, in which he supposes himself called upon to speak, wherever he may be, he draws the wig from his pocket, and places it on his head. A short time ago he purchased an old post chaise at an auction; the shafts of this vehicle he had altered that it might be drawn by one horse; and with this grand equipage, he followed the judges the whole of the Oxford circuit; attending the trials at the different assize towns; placing himself in the counsellor's bench, and offering his services to plead any cause. No one choosing to accept his offers, he would rise and make a long speech of disapprobation at the conduct of the judge and jury; these interruptions and hindrances could not, of course, be suffered; and in one instance, orders were given for him to be taken into custody; but on the kind representation of an Oxford gentleman, who knew the poor man, and pitied his weakness, he was only politely requested to leave the court, with which he complied. I be-

* Appendix, No. 26.

lieve he is in general quiet and peaceable, unless he fancies himself insulted, (a misconduct, of which rude and mischievous boys are too often guilty,) he will then be extremely irritated, and give the vexatious party a severe drubbing.

I must mention one thing concerning him, with which I was much pleased. On the day of the institution of the Oxford Bible Society, when the business was over, and the company about to disperse, the poor counsellor clapped on his wig, mounted one of the benches, and made a speech, which, though it was expressed in a very wild and unconnected way, proved that, among all his eccentricities, he possessed many just views of the Holy Scriptures; and I would indulge a hope, that notwithstanding his intellectual weakness, his mind may be susceptible of the consolations of religion."

Having passed through a small grove of elms, where the London children were highly diverted by the busy noise of the rooks, they reached the venerable front of *Merton*, the college to which the grove belongs. The chapel, which is nearly four hundred years old, is likewise the parish church of Saint John the Baptist; it has a very beautiful tower, bearing some resemblance to that of Magdalen College, but not near so high. In the chapel are several very fine old monuments, and a small

modern one, but very neat, to the late warden ; likewise a most beautiful stone window, which is highly admired. In the hall is a well imagined picture, by the late Dr. Wall, representing the expulsion of idle monks, to make room for the liberal education of youth, designed by the founder.

The library, supposed to be the oldest in England, was built in the year 1369, and is well furnished with ancient and modern books and manuscripts. Near it, in a case or closet, is deposited the skeleton of a man near seven feet high, who was executed for robbing the college. Mr. Hartley advised the children to approach and examine this. “ I am always very sorry,” said he, “ when I see children having a superstitious dread and terror at these kind of sights, it is owing in a great measure to false and foolish notions instilled in their minds in the nursery ;— you, my dear children, who have been brought up by prudent and affectionate mothers, are, I hope, above these groundless terrors. Whether or not we familiarize ourselves to such spectacles, such we shall ere long become ourselves ; and be assured the darksome grave, the naked bones, the mouldering flesh, are by no means the greatest of death’s terrors. If we have a well-grounded hope for the safety of our immortal

souls, we may look at these lesser circumstances with composure, and say as Job did, in hope of a blessed resurrection,—‘ I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth ; and though after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh I shall see God.’—It certainly,” continued Mr. Hartley, “conveys a gloomy and terrific idea to the mind at sight of this skeleton, that the poor creature met his death by his own crimes ; and this confirms what the Apostle says, that ‘ *the sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law.*’ Now, though we have not, like this poor man, attempted to encroach upon the property of others, we have all of us committed many sins, and, therefore, if we desire to meet death without dread, it becomes us to seek the pardon of them from the merciful God, for the sake of Jesus Christ, through whom we may obtain victory over sin and death.” In the gardens of Merton College the children were delighted with a terrace-walk, formed on the city wall, which commands a pleasant view of the meadows and wide walk, just then crowded with persons taking their morning exercise.—They next visited Corpus Christi College, in the chapel of which is seen a fine painting by Rubens, and in the library many ancient curiosities, both in print and ma-

nuscript, particularly an English Bible, supposed to be older than that of Wickliffe, the great reformer, and a parchment-roll, containing the pedigree of the royal family from King Alfred to King Edward the Sixth. Also the crosier of their founder, a curious sort of workmanship, little impaired by time. From hence they proceeded to Oriel College, a very regular, handsome building. At the entrance of this college a man, considerably shorter than even the *little doctor*, whose dwarfish statue had so much excited the notice of the little Bentley's. He went upon crutches with amazing speed, so as to give his motion the appearance of flying, or rolling along, rather than of walking. "That," said Mr. Hartley, "is *Little Johnny of Oriel* ;* he is a curious little fellow, and is constantly employed in going on errands by gentlemen of the University, with whom he is a favourite, I suppose on account of his expedition, for no one likes a messenger who loiters by the way. Opposite the great gate is a large flight of steps, with a portico over them, and which lead to the hall; these give the quadrangle a very noble appearance. The Chapel is neat and beautiful; it has

* Appendix, No. 27.

a fine painted window, representing the Wise Men's Offering. This college was founded by King Edward the Second, in the year 1324; it is, therefore, one of the most ancient in the University.

On leaving it, Mr. Hartley observed to the London children, "that he believed they had now seen all, or most, of the different objects in Oxford, which generally excite the notice of strangers. I assure you, your visit has been the means of our seeing many places which we never had seen before, and in all probability never might. I hope, on the whole, you will have gleaned some instruction, as well as amusement from what you have seen, and in that persuasion I have been as much gratified in accompanying you to the different places, as you have in visiting them." Both the children expressed their hearty thanks to their kind friend and conductor, and their hopes that in every thing their improvement would be found to correspond with their advantages.

An old woman now appeared, carrying a bag across her shoulder, and crying "*Old boots and old shoes,*"* in a very curious manner, laying all

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* Appendix, No. 28.

the emphasis on the words *old*. "I'm sure," said Edward, "I have got her likeness in my portfolio." "Very likely," replied Mr. Hartley, "she is a constant frequenter of the streets with her well known cry. I have observed she is particularly active on a Monday morning; and I have sometimes thought that some of the flirting girls, with which I am sorry to say our place abounds, having bought a smart pair of shoes for their Sunday walks, are glad to sell them again to buy their Monday's dinner."

Coming into the High Street, Mr. Hartley asked the children if they had been through the Market "which," said he, "is one of the best in England." As they had not, it was agreed they should take it in their way home; they were not a little pleased with the busy scene, and the sight of abundant provisions of all kinds, placed in a neat and regular manner.

An old woman, carrying a basket, came up and asked Mr. Hartley if he had any errand for her to day?—As he had not, she soon left, when Maria said to her brother, "That is the old woman who brought home the mackerel the other day; don't you remember how we laughed at her changing her tone so curiously? When Mrs. Hartley went to the door, she spoke in a strong voice, 'Here, ma'am, master has sent you

some mackerel, and fine ones they be, as I have set my eyes on this year ;” then in a moment she put on the whine of a common canting beggar, “ You ha’nt got a morsel of broken bread you could give ; have ye, ma’am ? ” “ Yes, yes, that is her, no doubt ; it is just like *Mother wild goose* ;* but I hope Mrs. Hartley did not give her any thing. I always pay her for her errand if I send her out of the market ; and if moderation would satisfy her, she might pick up a very good living as a market-woman.” “ No, Sir,” replied Maria, “ Mrs. Hartley said she had got nothing for her. What she had to spare she could give where she knew it would be more charity.”

On reaching Mr. Hartley’s house, they found dinner nearly ready ; after which Mrs. Bentley and her children walked up to Headington ; Mrs. B. wishing to make what preparations she could for returning home, that when Mr. Bentley came, the time of his short stay might be at leisure for intercourse with their agreeable friends. While she was thus engaged, Maria sat down to finish a very neat work-bag she had been making for her sister Emily, and Edward to make memorandums, and afterwards to arrange and

* Appendix, No. 29.

number the drawings in his portfolio. On Saturday Mrs. Bentley engaged her friends to take tea with her, and welcome Mr. Bentley into the country. It was rather inconvenient to Mrs. Hartley to leave home on a Saturday evening; however she strained every point to comply with her friend's wishes, and Mr. Hartley engaged to come up as soon as business would permit.

Edward and Maria, as soon as they rose on Saturday morning, began anticipating the pleasure they should enjoy in seeing their dear father, and imagining his progress throughout the day. "It is eight o'clock, now papa is just getting into the coach;—and now he is at Uxbridge;—and now at Wycombe. I wonder whether he has got any one in the coach, as kind and agreeable as Mr. Rowden?" "Oh, dear mamma," said Edward, recollecting himself, "did not you forget to ask Mr. Rowden to come and meet papa?" "I did not altogether forget it, my dear," replied his mother, "but I thought Mr. Rowden might have considered it as taking too great a liberty." "Oh no, mamma," said Maria, "I am sure he would not, he is so very kind and good; besides, he promised me he would call on us when he came to London; and said he hoped first to see papa in Oxford. What a pity you did not ask him to come!"

Edward paused a few moments, and then addressed his mother, "My dear mamma, I am going to ask you a very great favor; do you think you could trust me to go down and ask Mr. Rowden if he will please to meet papa to night? you may depend upon my going very steadily, and avoiding every danger; I should not be gone much above an hour."

"It would be impossible, my dear, that you should accomplish it in that time; nor would I have you attempt it. I really think I could trust you, because I am sure *you take notice*, and having been that way several times, I have no doubt of your recollecting and finding it right; because I always observe that you go steadily along, not jumping over gates, or throwing stones, or running near the water, or joining rude boys in their play, therefore I do not fear your getting into any mischief; but above all, because you have assured me that you *will* go steadily along and avoid danger, I am sure you will do so, because I never knew you break your word. There is nothing like a good character, Edward, to ensure future confidence; had you been a stupid, a mischievous, or a story-telling boy, I could not have placed any dependence on you out of my sight, I should not have suffered you to go; but you merit my confidence, and I

grant your request ; make the best of your way, but do not run to overheat yourself ; and give my best respects to Mr. and Miss Rowden, and say we shall feel ourselves honored by their company to tea if agreeable." " Thank you, mamma," said Edward, and his eyes glistened joy and gratitude. " I suppose I had better not wait for them if they come ?" " Yes, my dear, I should rather you staid a little to rest yourself ; and as our friends, if they come, will not make it late, you may return with them." Away went Edward, resolving more and more to deserve the good opinion of his parents. Maria, in the mean time, assisted her mother in dusting the room, and getting ready the tea-things. About four o'clock Mrs. Hartley and her two daughters came, they had met Edward on Magdalen Bridge, and gave the highest account of his manner and behaviour on meeting them ; he was so fortunate as to find Mr. Rowden and his niece at home, who readily accepted his invitation, and were soon ready to set off ; by the time they reached Headington, it was near five o'clock, and the coach might soon be expected. Mr. Rowden, therefore, kindly offered to go and meet it, accompanied by the two children, who, he said, should introduce him to their father. They had not waited many minutes before they heard the

welcome wheels ; the coach stopped at the White house, and the children, to their great astonishment and delight, beheld not only their father, but their sister Emily. Nothing could exceed the affectionate ardour with which they embraced each other by turns ; but in a moment Edward recollected himself. “ My dear father,” said he, “ here is Mr. Rowden, the gentleman, who mamma told you travelled with us, and was so very kind, and whose continued attentions have greatly added to the pleasure of our Visit to Oxford.”

The gentlemen shook hands, and soon discovered in each other so much frankness and generosity as wrought perfect familiarity between them. “ Oh, Emily,” said Maria, “ you cannot think what a beautiful place Oxford is ; there are colleges, and walks, and libraries, and gardens, and all manner of curiosities, and Mr. Rowden and Mr. Hartley have been so kind as to let us see them all ; I almost forget about it, but Edward has written it all down in his memorandum book ; and there are such droll people in Oxford, and Edward has got the pictures of them all.” “ Well, my dear,” said Emily, “ I am very glad to find you have been so much pleased with your journey, and I rejoice to see you both looking so much better than when you left town ; but pray how is our dear mamma and

Mr. Hartley's family?" "Oh, very well, very well, I thank you. Mrs. Hartley is come to drink tea with mamma at our lodgings, and the two eldest Miss Hartley's, and they are just like you. I don't mean in the face; but they are thoughtful and good tempered, and neat in their dress, and they help their mother to mind the house and take care of the younger children, and they work for poor people:—there, we get over that stile, and then we shall be at our house in a minute" "In *that* minute let me ask, have my dear children been good as well as happy? I am much inclined to hope they have, for if people are not good, let them be surrounded with what pleasures they may, they are in general fretful and discontented." "Oh, yes, papa, Edward has been very good indeed, and I do not think I have been naughty; but there is mamma at the parlour window looking out for us, you had better ask her." "Well, my dear," said Mr. Bentley, what will you say to me for running away with your house-keeper? Emily has been so very diligent and attentive during your absence that I thought she deserved and required a little relaxation; I therefore requested my sister to hold the reins in Bishopsgate Street, while Emily accompanied me in this excursion. It was impossible that any thing should be felt or expressed but plea-

sure and approbation: during tea-time mutual enquiries were made; the ages of the two young families compared; old events called to mind; warm thanks expressed for the kindness manifested by Oxford friends, and hearty invitations to the metropolis; and arrangements made that the short remaining time might be disposed of to the best advantage in mutual intercourse, and in otherwise promoting the gratification of Mr. and Miss Bentley, to whom the scenes in Oxford were as new as they had been to the younger children. "I hope," said Mrs. Hartley, "you will permit your daughter to take up her abode with us for these few days; you are not provided with a bed for her; and you will not only gratify our young people by allowing them more of her company, but will enable us to shew her more of Oxford than if the time was occupied in walks to and from Headington. You may depend on our taking great care of her".

This scheme being readily agreed to, Mr. Rowden begged leave to propose another. "I believe," said he, "you intend returning by the Henley road, it will therefore be for your comfort to sleep in Oxford the night previous to your journey. As the dear children are now quite recovered, and I conclude you have no particular preference for Headington, I would recommend

you to quit your lodgings on Monday morning, and consider yourselves my visitors the remaining part of your time, which we shall be happy to render as agreeable as possible." Miss Rowden in a very friendly manner enforced her uncle's invitation, which was acceded to with no other hesitation than what arose from the fear of intruding on kindness and hospitality. Mr. Hartley accompanied by Samuel and Jane, had arrived in time to join in these arrangements. "I know," said he, to Mr. Bentley, "your regular practice of spending Sunday, excepting the the hours of public worship, at home with your family ; but I hope you will see it right for once to vary your plan, and spend the day with us a way similar to your own. As you are but sojourners, you cannot have any particular preference for Headington Church, and you will find it no more than an easy walk to be with us in time to go to church. Mrs. Bentley has done so the whole time of her residence here, and I hope you will not object to join her example." Mr. Bentley consented, only providing that no difference should be made in the usual arrangements of the family. "You may depend upon it there shall not," said Mrs. Hartley ; "our Sunday bill of fare is always so contrived as to detain no person from attending public worship, and it is

only in the full conviction that such a plan is as agreeable to your views as to our own, that we ventured to request your company." Thus were all points satisfactorily adjusted, and on the succeeding days acted on accordingly. On Monday morning the luggage was committed to the care of *old Banbury* for conveyance to Mr. Rowden's, and the family took leave of their hostess, assuring her they should never forget the cleanliness, quiet, attention, and comfort they had met with in her house; but would strongly recommend it to the notice of their friends in London, on any occasion similar to their own. The old lady, on her part, expressed great regret at parting with such agreeable gentlefolks and sweet children, "who," she said, "had given no trouble whatever, as most children do, by their dirt, noise, and mischief. I hope, ma'am," said she, "you will not be offended at my offering them a little keep-sake, for I never liked any children so well in all my life." She then produced a very curious old fashioned fan for Maria, and a small seal for Edward, on which was engraven a letter sealed, and round it the French words "*En confiance*:" "There, Sir," said she, "I'll be bound you can make out what that is; for I heard you the other day spouting out your Latin gibberish just like a parson. Well, Sir, and per-

haps you mean to be one; and if so be you comes to study at Oxford, I hope, Sir, you'll condescend to give me a call; I shall always be glad to see you, and proud to remember that you lodged six weeks in my house, when you was a little boy, so good bye; and I wish you all a pleasant journey, and health and happiness all your lives!"

On arriving at Mr. Rowden's they found a table spread for their refreshment, which Mrs. Bentley considered rather an unnecessary piece of hospitality. "Come, madam," said Mr. Rowden, "let me prevail on you to take a sandwich. We shall not dine till four o'clock. I hope you will have no objection to join us in a tour to Blenheim. Your good man and myself have been conferring notes with Mr. Hartley, who would gladly accompany us, but business forbids. Mrs. H. too is engaged in her domestic concerns, and begs to be excused; but all the young people will go. I have applied myself on behalf of young Hartley, for leave of absence, which was readily granted, with the pleasing testimony of his employer, that he is one of the most steady, diligent, and amiable lads he ever met with—exactly the opinion I had formed of him. The three girls are gone out with my niece, to see one or two of the college chapels, which are now open, but I

expect them in every minute, and wish they were come, or they will scarcely have time to refresh themselves before the carriages arrive, which are ordered precisely at eleven." The young party soon arrived, and shortly after a post-chaise and coach came up, in which the whole party set off in high glee, and spent a very pleasant morning in viewing the noble palace and beautiful grounds of Blenheim. The rooms are adorned with fine statues, busts, paintings, and tapestry; and several of the ceilings are beautifully painted. The subjects celebrated in some of them are the enterprizes and victories of the famous John Duke of Marlborough, on whom this palace was conferred by Queen Anne, in the year 1705, in acknowledgment of his important services to the nation, especially in the achievement of a signal victory over the French and Bavarians, near the village of Blenheim, on the banks of the Danube. From this village the castle derives its name.—After admiring the various magnificent apartments, and their ornaments, the party were above all delighted with its beautiful library, an apartment one hundred and eighty-three feet in length, of a proportionate breadth, stocked with a choice and valuable collection of books, and ornamented with several fine paintings. From the upper end of

of the library the chapel is viewed, in which is a superb monument to the memory of John and Sarah, the first Duke and Duchess of Marlborough. The altar-piece represents our Saviour taken down from the cross. They were farther gratified by the sight of a very rare and extensive collection of china, deposited with great taste in a building erected on purpose ; this is well worth the attention of the curious. The grounds are extensive and beautiful, diversified and embellished with trees, shrubs, water, fine cascades, and a magnificent bridge ; also, a stately column or obelisk, which may be seen at a great distance, on whose pedestal is inscribed a memorial of the Duke's services, and the royal munificence. Not a little fatigued, though highly gratified, the party resumed their carriages, and reached Oxford about four o'clock---the short remaining time was pleasantly spent in friendly converse, and in gratifying Emily Bentley, as far as its limits would admit, with a sight of the most prominent beauties of Oxford. On Tuesday evening, when they were discussing the point at what time in the morning the chaise should be ordered for their departure, " It has just struck me," said Mr. Bentley, addressing his wife, " that we can, without any great additional expence, enjoy one additional pleasure. We do not very

often go out. It is probable a very long time may elapse before we take such another expedition; and I find, that through the kindness manifested by our friends, as well as your own prudence and moderation, your expences in the country have fallen far short of what I expected. We will therefore, if you please, devote an hour or two on our journey to gratify our dear children with a sight of Nuneham Park; and I shall feel an additional pleasure if our friends will allow us also to furnish a coach for them to accompany us thither. We may then reach London by tea-time."

After a little friendly altercation, the plan was agreed to. The coach and chaise were at the door by eight o'clock, Mr. Bentley and his family took a grateful and affectionate farewell of Mr. and Mrs. Hartley, and their eldest son, (neither of whom could conveniently leave home to go with them to Nuneham) and set off, accompanied by Mr. and Miss Rowden, the two Miss Hartley's, and little Samuel and Jane. They first passed Iffley, a small village, where is a fine old church; a little beyond are several smart genteel houses, built by the wealthy citizens of Oxford for summer retreats; the next village is Sandford; and having passed it they soon reached *New Town*, it having been newly built by the late Lord Harcourt, for the accommodation of the

inhabitants of a village called Nuneham, which was demolished in order to make some improvements in his park; the houses are remarkably neat and clean in their appearance; most of them are adorned with beautiful arbours of woodbine, jessamine, laburnums, roses, and clematis; and over the doors are painted one or more stars, and the letter M. These distinguish the inhabitants as having obtained the reward of merit at the spinning feast, an annual festival, laudably instituted by Lord and Lady Harcourt, for the encouragement of virtue and industry. On the left is a fine mansion, built on an eminence, and surrounded by woods, late the property of Sir Christopher Willoughby, Bart. a fine young man, who had not completed his studies at Oxford, when after heating himself by playing at cricket, he imprudently exposed himself to sudden cold, which brought on fever, and in a few days terminated his existence. On the right is Nuneham Park; the family not being at home, the carriages were permitted to drive up to the house where the party alighted. It is built on the side of a hill, about two furlongs from the river Isis; it commands a very extensive and beautiful prospect, especially on the Berkshire side. It is scarcely possible to imagine a finer prospect than that enjoyed from the windows of the octagou

room. For many miles the eye can trace the meandrings of the Isis through a fine country, interspersed with woods, villages, rich meadows, and fruitful hills. To the west arises the town of Abingdon; and on the north, the prospect is bounded by a superb view of Oxford's classic spires and domes. The house is principally visited on account of its exquisite paintings, which our party much admired, and then proceeded to visit the grounds, which are laid out with admirable taste. They include a noble terrace, and a delightful pleasure garden. Upon an eminence nearly contiguous to the house is the parish church, which was rebuilt by the late Lord Harcourt. It is a curious piece of masonry, and constructed in the form of a Roman temple; it contributes greatly to the beauty of the scene; and it is to be hoped, that the instructions there conveyed, and the devotions performed, have a happy influence in beautifying and improving the moral scene around. Most of the party were so intent in perusing the monumental inscriptions as not at first to perceive the momentary absence of Mr. and Miss Rowden who soon rejoined them, and invited them to a rural repast, which they had been spreading on the grass. Mr. Rowden having provided, and placed under the dickey of the coach, a hamper, containing cold veal and

ham, tarts, cyder, and porter—the invitation needed no repetition ; the whole party sat down and made a hearty meal ; and then, with mingled feelings of affection, gratitude, and regret, bade each other farewell ; and entering their respective carriages, took their separate roads. On parting with Mr. Bentley—“ Sir,” said Mr. Rowden, “ I feel exceedingly interested in the welfare of your children, especially your boy, who certainly evidences an intelligent and persevering mind. I hope you will give him a good education. I shall be gratified if you will allow him from time to time to write me an account of his studies and his progress, and if I can in any way assist or forward your views for him in future life, I beg you will consider yourself at full liberty to command my services ; and may the blessing of God be upon you and your dear children, training them up to be useful and ornamental to society, and real blessings to their anxious and affectionate parents !”

The children were for some time so pensive and dejected at parting with their friends, that they took no notice of the objects the road presented, until their father aroused their attention to the fine old church of Dorchester, which was anciently a cathedral. This place having been a bishop’s see, which in the year 1086 was removed

to Lincoln by William the Conqueror. There are several bishops buried in the church, and both inside and out, some perhaps of the most ancient monuments existing in England. A great market was formerly held here, and there were five stately churches, of which only one remains, and the market is entirely disused. The children were terrified at crossing the very narrow bridge, with walls so low as not to appear safe for a carriage to pass. "It is probable," said Mr. Bentley, "you will never pass it again; for yonder, see, they have nearly completed the building, a handsome new one just below. The river we are now crossing is the 'Tame; about three quarters of a mile below it joins the Isis, and assumes the name of Thames." Soon after they passed through Shillingford; "a name," said Mr. Bentley, "which it probably derived from a shilling being the fare of being ferried over its ancient ford before the bridge was built; as Wallingford, (a town a short distance to the right of our road) was so called, from its ford having been furnished with a place, walled in, for the safety of cattle while waiting for the ferry-boat crossing."

The next town where the travellers exchanged their chaise is Benson, in which is nothing remarkable; at Nettlebed, a few miles farther, is a windmill, said to stand on the highest ground

south of the Trent ; the air is remarkably bleak and keen. On the journey Mr. Bentley endeavoured to guide the conversation for the advantage of his children, as well as their entertainment. " You have now, my dear children," said he, " been absent from home above six weeks ; your usual habits and employments have been in some measure interrupted, though not altogether laid aside ; and you have been daily gratified with some new sight, or some pleasant visit. You are now going home, and every thing, we hope, will revert to its regular channel. Now it will appear that your recreation has been injurious to you, if it should render irksome your former regularity and constant employment, or lead you to be more anxious than before after amusement. But I hope the reverse will prove to be the case ; that visiting will have endeared home, and temporary relaxation from study and employment, renewed your ardour, and invigorated your application. I have great reason to hope this will be the case, as I find from your mother's account, that both of you have been ready to embrace every opportunity for application and employment." Both the children expressed their hope that their future conduct would prove them grateful for the indulgence granted. " Papa," said Edward, " although I could not, without

some regret, leave friends, whose kindness I have experienced to be so very great, yet I do assure you, I am very happy in the thoughts of seeing home again ; not only for the sake of meeting my dear brother and sister, but because I really believe the happiest life is a life of constant and regular employment. I have enjoyed my visit for a few weeks, but I love home best for a constancy."

" May you ever feel thus, my dear boy ! and then pleasure, moderately indulged, will lose its fatal tendency to dissipation." About two miles before reaching Henley, Mr. Bentley bade the children notice a stream, at first very narrow, which flowed from the foot of a hill called Assendon Hill, and thence derived the name of the Assendon Springs ; " that," said he, " is a wonderful natural phenomenon ; for many years, perhaps, nothing of the kind will appear, and then, all on a sudden, the spring will burst up from the foot of the hill, and widening as it flows, become at last a stream wide and strong enough to turn a mill ; at Henley it falls into the Thames. I recollect many years ago hearing of a most singular occurrence which had just taken place when I passed through. A little girl was playing in the road near the course of this stream, she slipped down, and it flowed with such force and rapidity as to carry her under ground, the

length of a street, to the river. Some men who saw the accident, with great presence of mind and activity ran to the river, and reached it in time to meet the arrival of the stream, when they stopped the child, and rescued her from a watery death, which appeared to be her inevitable fate. She was very little, if at all, injured by the occurrence ; and a gentleman of Henley, to whom I was lately mentioning the circumstance, informed me that she lived to be the mother of a large family.—Observe the pretty appearance of this road, which is uniformly planted with trees on each side ; to the entrance of Henley, it is called fair mile. Yonder you have a good view of the town, and its fine old church. Those grounds on the right hand, where you may see several pretty summer-houses, are called Badgemore, and belong to a gentleman of the name of Grote, who is, or has been, partner in an extensive banking house in London. This hill on the left hand belongs to Henley Park, the property of Mr. Freeman ; the whole of it is surrounded by a strong and lofty wall, an unusual and very expensive fence for a park. The same gentleman has a fine estate in the valley on the other side of this hill, called Fawley Court ; on it is a noble mansion on the banks of the Thames where he resides. That fine white house at the top of the hill to the south east

is park place, the seat of Lord Malmesbury, the grounds of which are among the finest I ever saw ; there is a beautiful old romantic looking bridge, built with stones of an amazing size, also a subterraneous passage, half a quarter of a mile in length, which, as well as the whole estate, is much visited by strangers. There, too, is an old Druidical Temple formed of immense stones rudely laid together : it was found in a cave near St. Helier's, in the island of Jersey, and by the Governor of the island presented to General Conway, the late possessor of the estate. On a hill beyond, you catch a sight of a handsome house, late the residence of Mr. Hill, the friend of Cowper. We are now entering the town of Henley, and whether for the neatness and regularity of its buildings, the cleanliness of its streets, its venerable church, its majestically flowing river, its elegant bridge, the rich variety of hill and dale, wood and pasture, that form the surrounding scenery, or for the many elegant residences in its neighbourhood, we may travel far before we reach a town of its size that can vie with it. We are now drawing up to the Red Lion Inn, where we must change our chaise ; in the mean time, we will take a view of the bridge just by, which is very neat and elegant, and is ornamented on each side of the centre with

a well carved head, by the honourable Mrs. Damer, representing Tame and Isis ; the one appears old and venerable, the other young and gay ; but it is high time, I should ask you what refreshment you will take?" Mrs. Bentley replied, " that after Mr. Rowden's kind repast, she felt no inclination for dinner. I observed too," said she, " when we changed chaise, a little basket in which were some sandwiches, which the children may eat if they are inclined." The chaise was soon ready, and they proceeded.

" I think," said Mr. Bentley, " we are altogether a heavy load for the poor horses up this very steep hill before us ; do either of you feel inclined to accompany me in walking up it ? You will be gratified by the sight it affords of the town and surrounding country." Mr. B. desired the driver to stop, and got out to walk up the hill, accompanied by all the children, who enjoyed that relaxation from the confinement of a post-chaise.

At the top of the hill they again entered their vehicle, and passed briskly along by Husley Bottom, Husley Hill, Maidenhead Thicket, and Maidenhead,—a town which, like Henley, carries on a great trade with London, in supplying malt and corn. At Salt Hill they again changed chaise, when Mr. Bentley mentioned a melan-

choly circumstance which took place at an inn there, some years back.

A party of gentlemen having partaken, among other things, of a rich stew, were almost immediately taken very ill ; several of them died, and some, with medical care and assistance, recovered. It proved, upon examination, that this fatal catastrophe was occasioned by the carelessness of the cook, who having prepared this stew the night before, had suffered it to remain in a copper vessel not properly tinned. It is observed, that however well tinned, the copperas will prove pernicious, if the food be suffered to cool in it.

On the right hand of the road is seen Windsor Castle, the residence of our venerable and afflicted monarch ; and on the left Eton College, a fine building, founded and endowed by King Henry the Sixth, for the education of youths preparatory to their going to the University.

“ And what place shall we come to next, papa ; and pray how far have we got to go ? ” asked Maria.

“ The next place, my dear, is Slough ; that is about twenty miles from London, and thirty-eight from Oxford, so that we have travelled nearly two-thirds of the way ; do you begin to feel tired ? ” No, papa, I am not very tired, but I shall be glad now to get home and see Rachel and

William, and aunt Emily ; I suppose aunt will have them at home to meet us ?”

“ Your aunt was so kind as to say, that knowing how anxious we should all be to meet each other, she would take a walk to Hackney, and fetch them, as to day is their half holiday, and they can return to-morrow morning before school begins.”

“ Oh, dear papa ! return so soon as that ? I thought they would have staid at home a week or more to play with us, and to hear all about Oxford.”

“ My dear Maria,” said her father, “ that you should play together and converse together, is all very innocent and right in its proper place ; but never let play be put in competition with the acquisition of knowledge, which is designed to make you useful and respectable members of society. In a short time, both play and education will be over : you will not always love play, nor will you always have opportunities of learning. The time will come, when you will be called to bring into action the knowledge you have acquired. How deplorable and despicable will be your situation *then*, if *now*, in the prime of youth, you suffer play to engross your time, and neglect your opportunities of improvement. When we reach home, I trust you will find your brother and sister in good health.

and I wish you all to enjoy this evening in each others society as much as possible ; relate as many of your adventures as the time will admit, and cheerfully reserve the rest for another opportunity ; nor let me have any thing like a murmur when the hour of separation arrives."

We are now come to Colnbrook ; so called, I believe, because we cross a stream of the river Coln, which divides the counties of Bucks and Middlesex. Longford is the next place, then Cranford Bridge, where are several genteel and elegant villas. After which we change chaise, for the last time, at Hounslow ; a very short stage then remains, the whole of which assumes the appearance of the vicinity to London.

Hounslow is situated on the edge of the heath of that name, so well known and dreaded as the resort of highwaymen and foot-pads. There the unfortunate Mr. Steel was murdered, in the year 1800 ; the perpetrators of the horrid deed passed undiscovered for about 10 years ; but at length, compelled by the horrors of a guilty conscience, one of them surrendered himself to justice, and gave evidence against his accomplice ; both were executed in the year 1811 ; and I daresay you may recollect that several persons lost their lives, owing to the pressure of the crowd of spectators assembled to witness the melancholy scene.

There are some mills on this heath, for the preparation of gunpowder, where very dreadful and fatal accidents have repeatedly occurred, owing to the explosion of the dangerous apparatus. Oh, what a blessed thing it will be, when the gospel of peace shall have spread over the face of the earth, and diffused its benign influence on the hearts of men, so as to supersede both the necessity and inclination to learn the dangerous and destructive arts of war.

“Why, papa, surely we have reached London already,” said Maria; “I know it by the noise, and shaking of the carriage, by the appearance of the streets, and the dark smoke that arises.”

“No, my dear, we have still seven miles to go, before we reach London. This place is called Brentford, and as well as Staines, is considered as forming a part of the British Metropolis. Here the county elections are held for Members of Parliament.”

“Oh, yes, papa,” said Edward, “I recollect your coming here once to vote, which you said you were entitled to do, because our house was your own freehold property.”

“I did so, my dear; and then, not having been so far out of London for several years, I was astonished to find that the buildings of each were so extended, as to bid fair for meeting in

the course of time, if the Metropolis should go on extending its boundaries as it has done for many years past. I forgot to point out to you, about a mile back, a fine seat to the right of the road belonging to the Duke of Northumberland, and called Sion House. Yonder you have a view of Kew Bridge, and on the other side of it Kew Palace, which was formerly the summer residence of their Majesties. It was lately much repaired and improved ; but I suppose, owing to the afflictions incident to humanity, and from which the highest stations in life are not exempt, it has not since been much enjoyed by the Royal Family. On the left, a little farther, is Gunnersbury House, where the king's sister, Princess Amelia, resided. I do not know who occupies it now. This is Turnham Green, and appears more like an elegant village. Yonder, on the right hand is Chiswick House, which, in my remembrance, has had several noble proprietors. I believe it now belongs to the Duke of Devonshire. Ah! palaces, as well as cottages, are often changing their inhabitants ; and the rich and great, as well as the poor, have much to remind them that earth is not their rest. It were well if all were roused to seek a dwelling in that city which hath foundations, whose Builder and Maker is God. And if we have but an

inheritance *there*, it signifies very little whether we rise to it from the mansion of grandeur, or the hovel of wretchedness. This is Hammer-smith; we are now four miles from Hyde Park Corner. I dare say you recollect that your cousins went to school here, and that, I believe, is the house. A little farther is another stately mansion, called Holland House, and at Kensington one of his Majesty's Palaces."

"Ah! there is the gate of Hyde Park, through which, I believe, a chaise is permitted to drive. Yes, the driver takes that course which is far more pleasant."

"Shall we be obliged to get out of the chaise, and have a hackney coach, as we did when we went to Oxford?"

"No, my dear; the chaise will take us to our own door. Now we enter Piccadilly; now for the clatter and bustle and gaiety of London. You begin to know where you are now?"

"Yes, papa, and I am glad; not because London is grand, and busy, and gay, but because I am going home."

"So am I, Edward," said his mother: "wherever we may find *pleasures*, our *comforts*, if we have any, are centred in home; and although my visit to friends, whom I dearly love, after nineteen years absence, has been very gratifying to me,

I believe I should be well content, if I live as long, to stay nineteen more without another expedition."

"Ah, there is great St. Paul's just as we left it! and Cheapside just the same!" said Maria, "and Bow Church!—There is the Royal Exchange and Mansion House!—Now we are in Cornhill. Make haste driver, and turn the corner; now we are in Bishopsgate Street! We shall soon see home."

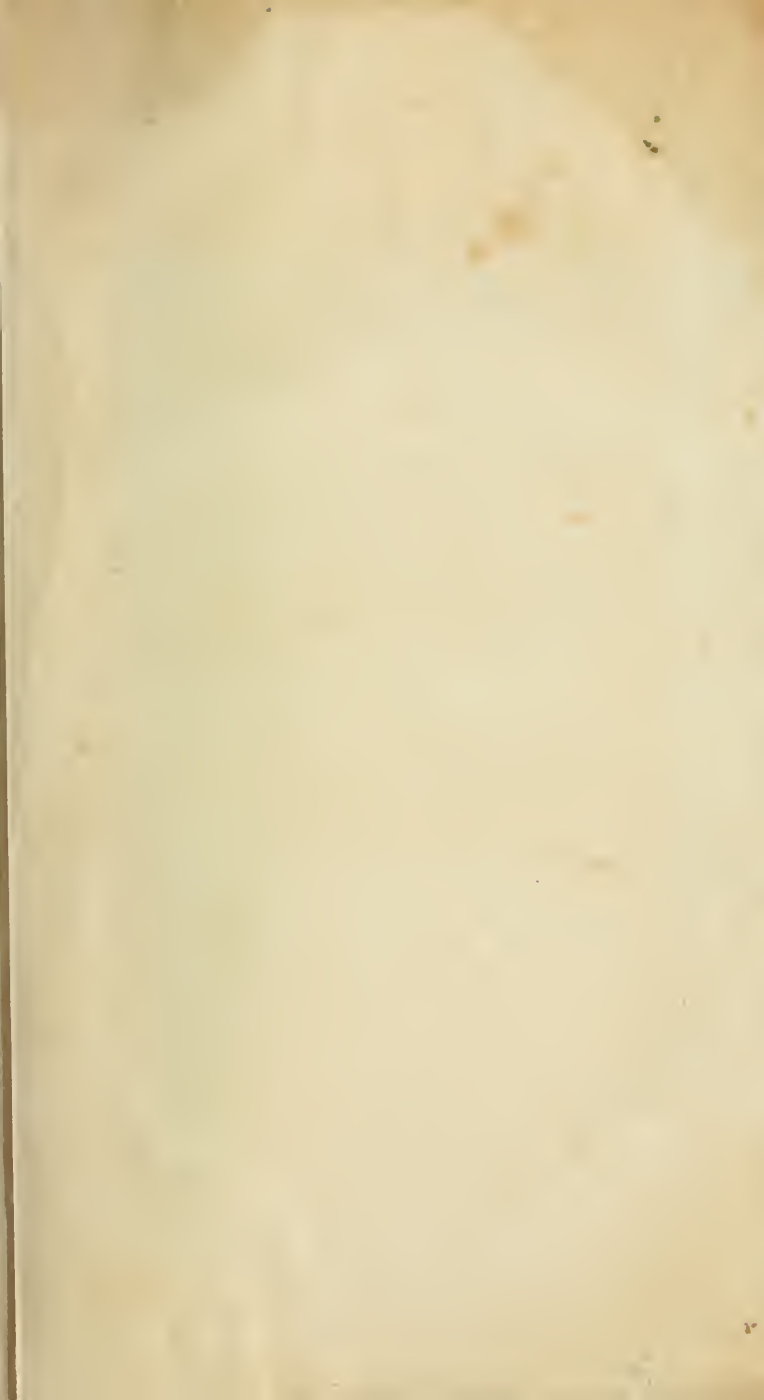
"There is Bishopsgate Church, and the clock strikes five. We are home in very comfortable time, exactly as I wished," said Mr. Bentley. The driver stopped, and looked back for directions. "A few doors further on the right hand. There it is," said Mr. Bentley, leaning out of the coach window, and pointing to the house.

"And there is aunt Emily at the window, and William and Rachel at the shop door! How d'ye do; how d'ye do? The happy family embraced each other with delight and affection. In their little back parlour every thing was ready for tea. "You are welcome home, my dear," said Mr. Bentley, as he seated himself in his great elbow chair; "home has not seemed quite like itself without you." "Thank you, love," replied Mrs. Bentley, as she took up the old copper tea kettle; and now we are all together, "*home is home*, if it is ever so homely."

*The distance of the Author from the Press will,
it is hoped, apologize for the following*

ERRATA.

- Page 13 line 1, for dealing read clothing*
— 20 — 2, *from bottom, for actually read exactly*
— 27 — 11, *for Cheswell read Cherwell*
— 50 — 15, *for ebbing read setting*
— 59 — 10, *for the full point, mark a comma*
— 74 — 3, *for form read from*
— — 2, *from bottom, for the full point mark a semicolon*
— 89 — 3, *from do. for proprietors read professors*
— 94 — 2, *from do. for city read college*
— 97 — 5, *for vidas read vedas*
— 100 — 17, *from bottom, for aignelle read aiguille*
— 101 — 5, *from do. for was read were*
— 112 — 5, *for wheras read wherein*
— 130 — 20, *for church read ours*
— 144 (*printed 184*) *line 23, 24, for Husley read Hurley.*



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